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AROUND THE WORLD IN

San Francisco

BY

LEONARD AUSTIN

FOREWORD BY LOUIS ADAMIC " PICTURES BY PAULINE VINSON

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FOREWORD

San Francisco happens to be one of my favorite cities in the United States, which is to say in the world. Some day I hope to live near it enough to visit it at least once a month.

With all its difficulties — many of which are not purely or specially its own, but the country's and the world's of which it is a part, — San Francisco is a fortunate city. There are several bases for this statement, but I shall not try to make a full list of them here. In fact, I shall mention but one, namely, the great diversity of the national and racial backgrounds of its population. Therein lies perhaps one of its most important resources, which has not yet begun to be developed, but which is there. I do not need to elaborate on this. The explanations of why this is so are implicit in this book.

Leonard Austin has written a volume which should be widely imitated. There ought to be a book of this sort for every city in the country, to help people living in the various communities become acquainted with themselves and give and receive the gifts which the various elements of the population have to offer to one another.

LOUIS ADAMIC

Mountain View Farm,
Milford, New Jersey
May, 1940

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PREFACE

PERHAPS the easy tolerance, so typical of San Francisco, makes possible the continuance of so many home-land characteristics among the diverse peoples of the city. No other American community presents such an interesting mosaic of authentic colors—the foundation and pattern of San Francisco's famed cosmopolitanism. Here, in a world condensed, is a veritable cyclorama of international customs and cultures.

For some foreign groups the varied topography and climate has been especially congenial and almost familiar. Surely it is not unnatural that the Italians should have fastened their homes to the steep sides of Telegraph Hill and there, in sheltered sunshine, with the magnificent expanse of San Francisco Bay below them, duplicate the rookery-like dwellings of Naples and Genoa. Fisherman's Wharf near the base of the hill completes the picture. Little has changed from the original Mediterranean locale. The boats are of the same design and color with blue predominating in honor of the Virgin, thus soliciting Her blessing and protection. Net menders, shipwrights, and fish merchants noisily carry on as in Italy. Here many excellent seafood restaurants do a thriving business.

The French Quarter, appropriately adjacent to Little Italy, provides a less obvious, but equally authentic, bit of the home-land. The restaurants, bakeries and rotisseries produce food of traditional excellence. French pensions, where no English is spoken, are available and the French Theatre, La Gaite Francaise, presents the classics of French drama under the direction of a former member of the Paris Odeon.

Well-known Chinatown is almost as inexhaustible as the Orient itself, while in recent years the Japanese quarter has achieved an almost equal ethnic integrity.

Yes, one can go around the world in San Francisco and to name the authentic bits of costume, food and folk-ways readily available would merely be a cataloging of nations.

This is a travel book with each of its chapters a guide to the inner and outer life of a foreign community. To know San Francisco is to know much of the world and if you haven't eaten shish-kebab, kaldomar, pizzeria, or makullua Bizauko erera; if you haven't seen or danced the lancers, the kolo or the hambo; if you haven't done any of these things, you don't know your San Francisco.

hawaii

~ & THE SOUTH SEAS ~

HAWAII is the first stop in sailing westward around the world from San Francisco. These islands are represented here by a unique, and for the most part, rootless colony, as most of San Francisco's Hawaiians are seamen. However there are also a great many Hawaiian musicians, longshoremen and professionals in the field of aquatic sports. Transient as they are, they do create interesting and colorful worlds of their native atmosphere in a most unlikely section of the city.

The ships on the Hawaiian run employ many islanders and these men act as a liaison between the Islands and their countrymen here. When a ship lands and the crew comes ashore there is a constant coming and going among the Hawaiians. They visit the residents and carry gifts, messages and general information of the old home to their friends. At times there are as many as two hundred Islanders in Port.

The social center for the Islanders is "Kanaka Corners," at the junction of Kearny and Jackson Streets, where men from

all the South Seas lounge in the sun and at night gather in the cafes and pool rooms of the neighborhood. In the Honolulu Terminal, the Star or Lee's one will see Hawaiians, Samoans, Tahitians, Maoris and men from dozens of remote coral islets in the Tropic Seas. They have met here and talked of warm, quiet nights, of waving palms and dancing maidens, and have sung their sweet, wailing songs since the first Kanaka crew came to San Francisco.

The pure Polynesian of the Hawaiian Islands is almost extinct. For many generations there has been much intermarriage with Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and Americans. For the same reason there are few real Hawaiians resident among us. Our Oriental colonies are becoming larger through the addition of Hawaiian-Orientals. There are many families of Hawaiian-Spanish and Hawaiian-Porto Rican ancestry. Marriages with Negroes are common and members of the old royal family have married into wealthy American families and move

Hawaii

in the best social circles of the city. But by far the greatest number have intermarried with the Portuguese and there are several thousand of these families in the East Bay, mostly in East Oakland and Fruitvale.

The acme of an Hawaiian good time is a luau. It is given at weddings, birthdays, in fact whenever anyone has the urge. If one's house is not big enough one holds it in an hotel or restaurant. Many luaus are given in the back of a bar on Vallejo Street. A large feast is laid and while the orchestra plays, eating and drinking go on continually. Only the native dances are performed; several varieties of the hula and the more deliberate olapa. The food is strictly native: poi, limu (seaweed), amaama or raw fish, barbecued pig. Some of the older people eat with their fingers in the old-fashioned way. Poi, the native staff of life, is the root of the taro plant. It is baked, beaten on a board with a stone, made into a thick, sticky paste by the addition of water and allowed to ferment for several days. There are several consistencies and one's social station may be known by the thickness of his poi. If you are well-to-do your poi should be thick enough to eat with one finger; if less prosperous, it will be a little thinner and require two fingers; and if poor it requires three fingers. If it is so thin as to require a spoon then one has lost caste altogether.

If you would like to attend a luau there are several restaur-

rants in the city that specialize in native foods and entertainment. Places like the Seven Seas and the Tahitian Hut and Waikiki. All these places have recreated successfully the atmosphere of the islands. The decor is tropical, the orchestras are native to a man. The Hut features a brawny Tahitian and his charming partner in the exciting drum dance. More fun, however, are the places patronized by the natives themselves—innumerable ones in North Beach and along the Embarcadero. In any one of these places you can eat native food and listen to real native music. The Islanders had few real instruments in their native state. They did, however, have extremely melodious chants sung in two or four parts and the rhythm accentuated by drums and sticks of wood. The guitar and ukulele were introduced by the Portuguese and the latter has become virtually the national instrument.

These cafes and taverns are as transient as the men who patronize them. They move away, change owners, but the clientele anchors itself to one neighborhood and if you go snooping in the region of North Beach you can not miss the bars of the Kanakas. Go into the noisiest one and you will be in the midst of the "boys" who perhaps came off a South Sea tramp only an hour ago.

If you would like to give your own luau in your own home, we suggest the shop of Y. W. Chong at Stockton and Wash-





Hawaii

ington Streets for the ingredients. Every week fresh shipments of food arrive and besides poi and seaweed, it is possible to buy Kona coffee, guava jam, poha preserves, chutney, dried squid, fresh pineapples, cocoa and pilinuts and pipikaula.

Hawaiian souvenirs are easily available. For your lei, or your tapa cloth we suggest the shop of A. Hettrich on Washington Street. There are rare tapa cloths from Tahiti, sarongs from Java and models of native fishing boats. At first glance the shop seems to be filled with nothing but shells: shells of all kinds. Smooth shells and rough ones, small ones no bigger than

the tip of your finger and huge ones big enough to take a bath in. There are common shells, scooped up wholesale from sandy beaches and rare shells, found only in quiet eddies in tropic lagoons. We learn from the proprietor that there is a constant demand for these shells from museums and private collectors. Many prominent business and professional men make a hobby of shell-collecting. A brisk business is conducted for the souvenir trade. We suggest that you buy one of these shells, put it on your mantel or use it as a paper weight and with pleasant memories of Hawaii-in-San Francisco.

THE Philippines

It is several thousand miles across the Pacific Ocean from the Hawaiian Islands to the Philippine Islands, but in San Francisco we go from Hawaii to the Philippines by simply crossing Pacific Street.

The chief center for Filipinos is the eastern edge of Chinatown. Here for twenty years Filipinos have clustered. Along Kearny Street from Pacific to Sacramento are their hotels and shops, cafes and restaurants. Former residents of Manila call the street the Escolta and there is much to remind them of that famous main street in the Island's capital. Here the Filipino comes to seek the company of fellows of his own race and district, here he comes to listen to a favorite song, to taste a native dish. The pool rooms and gambling houses are always crowded and the street echoes with the sound of half a dozen dialects.

The term Filipino is geographical rather than ethnographical; is used to refer to any native of the Philippine Islands. Al-

though they are largely Malayan in race the Filipino people show considerable tribal and linguistical diversity. The eight so-called Christian tribes which constitute nine-tenths of the population are in order of their numerical importance: the Visayans, the Tagalogs, the Ilocano, the Vicol, the Pangasinan, the Pampangan, the Cagayan and the Zambalan. The majority of immigrants to these shores are from the first three tribes. The Tagalog are decidedly the most prominent politically and economically and the Ilocano, culturally. The Moros, that is, the Mohammedans of the Sulu are closely related to the Christian peoples ethnically, but are less in sympathy with European civilization. The Igorots of the north who are pagans and worship Kabunian, the god of sun and fire, are settled agriculturalists. These people occasionally send students to our universities.

Let us enter into the spirit of the San Francisco colony. With



The Philippines

Mr. G. L. Hiquiana of the Philippine Information Bureau, 849 Kearney Street as guide, we look into the cafes along the way. We find that the greatest handicap of Filipinos here is the lack of companionship with women of their race. The attendants in tobacco shops and the waitresses in cafes are white. There are only about two dozen Filipinas here, wives and daughters of the prominent men of the colony. Some of the men who intend to remain here have married white women and are already bringing an interesting second generation into flower. Filipinos do not bring their women because they do not intend to stay in the states. They will return some day to their own fertile islands to live among their own people.

With our guide we enter one of the many restaurants—the Manila on Jackson Street or the Dalagang Bukid on Kearney Street, to taste typical Filipino cookery. It is unusual, being a blend of the native, the Oriental and the Spanish. Like all Malays they like curry, rice is their chief dish (as it is of the Chinese) and from the Spanish they have learned the use of garlic and olive oil. Adobo is one of their best dishes. Beef or chicken is boiled in vinegar and salt water until soft, then it is fried in garlic. Sinigang is the thick fish stew flavored with lemon. Chicken is cooked in the Spanish style and served with rice—arroz con pollo, and pork is cooked and served in Chinese fashion—in shreds with bamboo sprouts and noodles. The

typical sauce, bagong, has a strong and bitter flavor. Try some of it, you will either like it very much or will dislike it violently.

We visit a few of the families and look in at some of the club rooms. The families live along Geary and O'Farrell Streets from Laguna to Webster. There are many mestizo families, Tagalog-Spanish and Tagalog-Chinese. The better educated among them have found work at the post-office or in clerical positions. Many of the boys are students at the colleges and high schools and nearly all support themselves. The downtown colonies are transient: seamen, agricultural and cannery workers.

Every Filipino belongs to at least one club. Coming from a land of many languages and dialects it is not surprising to find the Filipinos divided into many groups. Some know a little Spanish, they all know English but among themselves they cling to their native dialects. Therefore, for linguistic and social reasons they tend to organize into little clubs which are formed by people from the same district. The largest club is the Knights of Dimas-Alang, 1717 Sutter Street. Dimas-Alang means Touch-Me-Not and refers to the book of that name written by the great Filipino patriot, Dr. Jose Rizal. The members of this club are the followers of Rizal in the revolutions of 1896-98 and are the "Legionnaires" of the

The Philippines

colony. It is under their leadership that the anniversary of Dr. Rizal is held on December 30, the great day of the Filipino people. Other important clubs are the Gran Oriente Filipino, a Masonic organization recognized by the Spanish Grand Lodge, with luxurious club rooms in South Park, the Filipino Tennis Club and the Philippine Commonwealth Association.

The natives of the islands are natural born musicians, and like all peoples from the Pacific Islands they are particularly addicted to stringed instruments. In the pool-rooms down on Kearney Street there are usually boys lounging about plucking a mandolin or ukulele and the barbers keep instruments on hand in their shops. Instead of reading a newspaper while waiting for a hair-cut, your Filipino boy will improvise on the guitar or violin. An instrument peculiar to the islands has been evolved from the string instruments introduced by the Spaniard. It is a twelve-stringed mandolin, the bandorea.

They are extremely fond of dancing and nearly every Saturday there is a dance at Franklin Hall, 1859 Fillmore Street. They learn the modern swing and jazz steps quickly and dance

them far more gracefully than the Americans. A dance popular here and in the islands is the danza, resembling somewhat the tango. The National Dance, the *carriñosa*, retains many of the original Malay steps and has a rhythm and flavor all its own. When danced in the national costumes there is little to equal it in real grace.

The Filipina is famed far and wide for her skill with the needle. The art of lace making was introduced into the Islands by the Belgian nuns and has now become a major industry. The education of a woman of good family is not complete without instruction in the art of lace making or embroidery. At the big balls on Rizal Day and Independence Day, November 15, the women wear the *Balintawak*, the National Costume worn by all ladies over eighteen years of age. Made of jusi cloth (pine-apple fibre) in pastel shades, with puffed sleeves and a miniature train and with a wealth of embroidery, usually done by the wearer, it is one of the most distinctive and flattering costumes worn by women anywhere.

Japan

HERE WE FIND a land of contrasts; a land in which modern industry exists side by side with ancient ceremonies and where the second generation combine a deep respect for the traditions of their fathers with a desire to be American that amounts almost to a passion.

There are in the city about 8500 Japanese who live for the most part in the Western Addition in the District between Pine and O'Farrell Streets from Laguna to Webster Streets. A few Japanese came here as long ago as the late sixties and the first of the peasants began coming in the nineties to work on California farms, but not until after 1904 did Japanese immigration become important. The peasants spread out over the Pacific Coast as farm laborers, but the tradesmen and small merchants settled in the cities—San Francisco being the first colony.

Japanese tradesmen devote themselves to satisfying the tastes of two groups of customers—the Japanese and the American. In their own quarter they have a full quota of shops

of all kinds. As for the American trade they cater to it with over a hundred cleaning and dyeing establishments, as well as laundries, curio shops and photograph galleries. The merchant quarter adjoins Chinatown where one-third of the shops are Japanese. These shops are filled with all sorts of Japanese embroideries, kimonos, robes, chop-sticks, imitation jades, tea sets, back scratchers, dolls, knives and a lot of other similar things that please the tourist.

The center of the Japanese colony or "Little Osaka" as it is called—Los Angeles, the largest settlement, has been called "Little Tokyo"—is the corner of Post and Buchanan Streets. The shops, restaurants, hotels are here and all the needs of a self-contained immigrant community are located within a few blocks. Wander through the shops, you will be welcome. They are worth visiting for they give an insight into Japanese life that otherwise would be difficult to obtain. Notice for instance, the number of fish shops and the lack of butchers; the well-stocked book stores; the music store with a display of

Japan

native instruments and a loud-speaker blaring forth modern Japanese music. The number of bait and tackle shops show that the Japanese like to catch fish as well as eat it, and the photograph supply shops are the best in the city.

The Japanese have deft and dexterous hands. Centuries of training in craftsmanship have produced an unerring touch and an artistic judgment that make them peculiarly fitted for art-goods repairing, embroidery and feather crafts. It is this deftness and lightness of touch that fit them for breeding and raising small plants and animals. They have no peer in goldfish culture. There is a goldfish aquarium on Bush Street near Laguna which is the first of such shops in America. There are nearly one hundred Japanese flower growers in the vicinity of San Francisco. They have settled on the Peninsula between Mountain View and San Jose, across the Bay in the country between San Leandro and Hayward, and round about Vallejo. Their specialties are chrysanthemums, carnations and roses.

The Japanese possess an unusually diverse cultural background. Ethnically they are Malay, Mongol and Caucasian. Confucianism, Buddhism and Shintoism are interwoven in their philosophical inheritance. For eight hundred years they have lived under feudalism and the country is still bound by a social discipline that has its roots in this system. Now Japan is entering into a modern, highly developed industrial system.

Feudalism is still manifest today in many ways: in the sharply drawn class lines, in respect for law and order, in many festivals and ceremonies, especially the tea ceremony which is really a philosophy of life.

This complex life has been transferred to these shores and results in a highly organized community. The consul general is the acknowledged leader of the colony. He represents the Emperor and as such the life of the colony revolves about him. No important gathering is held without his presence. He always presides at the celebration in honor of the Emperor Meiji, Kigensetsu.

Below him in authority are the "Big Three," the Japanese Association of America, the Japanese Association of San Francisco, the Japanese Chamber of Commerce. These societies have much the same function in Japanese-American life as the Six Companies have in Chinese-American life. With these groups cooperates the Japanese-American Citizens League, representing the second generation, or "nisei" as the Japanese call them. These societies are the guiding forces in Japanese social and political life. The three newspapers: the Japanese-American News, the New World Sun and the America Shim-bun reflect this well-ordered life. Just as Japan is endeavoring to adjust herself to the new age so are her offspring in San Francisco.

Japan

One phase of this adaptation is found in the Buddhist church. Japanese Buddhism adapts itself to current modes of thought easily. The Young Men's and Young Women's Buddhist Association, patterned after the Christian "Y" movements are examples of this, as are the services in English for the benefit of American converts. The three important Buddhist sects are represented in San Francisco by the Hongwan-ji Temple, 1881 Pine Street, the Nichiren Mission, 2016 Pine Street, and the temple of the Zen sect, 1881 Bush Street.

The old native religion of Japan is Shinto, a religion primarily of nature worship—of the sun, trees, herbs and fruits and with reverence for the Emperor as one of its phases. There are two Shinto churches which have services on Sunday afternoons to which the stranger is invited. The Konkokyo Temple, 1911 Bush Street, and Tenrikyo, 1440 O'Farrell Street, have services consisting of offerings of fruits and fish accompanied by the koto, a long, harp-like instrument played in a horizontal position, and the sho, a very ancient reed mouth organ, the ancestor of all harmonicas. At the latter church on the third Sunday of every month the sacred, ritualistic Kagura is danced.

It is in its festivals that Japanese life is most colorful. There are celebrations at every season of the year; cherry blossom festivals in the Spring, chrysanthemum festivals in the Fall and in July the midsummer festival in which the whole colony

takes part in the bon odori, a measured, dignified dance with gestures older than Occidental civilization. As there are several hundred participants the dance takes plenty of space and for this night, Buchanan Street between Post and Sutter Streets is reserved for the performance.

The children of "Little Osaka" are indeed fortunate creatures as they have their own festivals, days in which they are allowed to do as they please. On Hinamatsuri, the Doll Festival, March 3, shrines are erected in the homes and the girls' collection of dolls is brought out and displayed. At the Japanese Y. W. C. A. there is a party at which the children, dressed in the ceremonial costumes, tread the traditional dances, accompanied by the koto and the samisen, the Japanese form of the banjo with a cat's skin drum; and followed by the formal tea ceremony and flower arranging.

On May 5 the boys have their day. Flags, shaped like giant carp, fly from each house which is fortunate enough to have male children. The carp in Japanese folk lore, symbolizes perseverance, power and energy. It is a reminder to the future leaders of the Japanese that they should emulate the carp and swim vigorously against the current of life. The boys also have their dolls, representing the heroes of mythology and the ancient samurai. The stores along Post Street display toy horses, wooden swords and fierce warriors in armour.

Japan

Japanese artistic sense and love of ceremony is expressed even in the serving of food. Most people have heard of sukiyaki, but few have eaten it. It is a simple dish but elaborately prepared and served. Made of beef or chicken it is cooked right in front of you on the table in a skillet over a gas plate. The various ingredients—onions, celery, bean cakes, bamboo sprouts, chrysanthemum leaves, seaweed, are sliced and arranged on various dishes from which the waitress transfers them to the skillet with chopsticks. A raw egg is broken in one dish and another dish is filled with rice. The correct way to eat sukiyaki is to take a bit of the cooked food, dip it in the egg, take some of the rice along with it, and then eat, holding the bowl close to the chin. The most popular sukiyaki place is the Yamato Hotel on Grant Avenue at California Street. The food is served in authentic Japanese style in native rooms furnished with mats, Japanese prints and vases and low tables from which you eat. If you wish to eat native style you will be compelled to remove your shoes and don slippers and a kimono.

Tempura is a very popular dish of shrimps fried in a deep batter and served with tsuke-mono, or pickled vegetables, which might be carrots or cabbage or horseradish, and the inevitable rice. The Japanese diet is basically rice, raw fish and pickled vegetables. The Tenkin on Laguna Street and the Tenkatsu on Buchanan Street specialize in tempura.

IO

No visit to Japan in San Francisco is complete without including the Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park. It is a pleasant experience to walk along the winding paths by the dwarfed trees, the torii's, bronze lanterns, and to peek in at the model Japanese interior and then rest under a shady nook and nibble at tea and cakes. If you are there at cherry-blossom time, especially during the festival which occurs on the second or third Sunday of April, it is not hard to imagine yourself in Japan. The formal dances, the exquisite women in kimono and obi, the background of pagodas, tile roofs and hump-backed bridges and the masses of cherry blossoms everywhere, contribute to the illusion.

Two stores of the many on Grant Avenue are worthy of a visit: the Daibutsu and T. Z. Shiota. Fine examples of the arts and crafts of old Nippon are for sale, robes of heavy silk, exquisite work in lacquer and gold leaf, antique bronze and priceless Japanese prints. In contrast, the Japanese Commercial Museum, 861 Market Street has a display of the products of modern industrial Japan.

As we leave Japan in San Francisco, we jot down in our travel diary the address 1726 Sutter Street where on Tuesdays and Fridays you may see exhibitions of Japanese fencing and jiu-jitsu. Some time we might wish to see a typical Japanese movie in the basement of the Japanese school, 2017 Bush Street.





Korea

THE COUNTRY we know as Korea is part of the empire of Japan, but the inhabitants of the country are a distinct race, the same ethnical stock as the Japanese but more positive Asiatics. Their language also has affinities with Japanese, has recently undergone a revival and at present is in the midst of a literary renaissance. Culturally, however, they are more like the Chinese with whom they are very friendly. The San Francisco Koreans are largely anti-Japanese in sentiment and long for the time when their homeland will be free. An organization, the Korean National League, fosters this desire for freedom and issues propaganda from its headquarters in Los Angeles where the only Korean newspaper in continental United States is published. The League is strongly nationalistic and has branches all over the United States, Hawaii and Mexico. Wherever Koreans have settled there is a cell from which the nationalists sound their cry of "Korea for the Koreans."

In San Francisco their gathering place is in the Korean Mission next to the library on Powell Street. It is the cultural center of the Koreans of the Bay region; frequent entertain-

ments are given here, and there are study classes and lectures on politics, and the old and distinctive Korean culture. The first of March, the old Korean Independence Day is an occasion for great festivities.

Buddhism is the native religion, but Christianity was introduced by the Jesuits in 1775. In recent years the Protestants have been active and most of the Koreans here are members of one of the Evangelical churches. Services are held at this church every Sunday in the old Korean tongue. The Korean Youth Organization and the Epworth League are connected with the church and the former society holds frequent social gatherings and at some of them the young people appear in costume, the boys in tall-brimmed hats and loose robes. Sometimes the girls get together and execute the Moon Dance, a graceful dance of great antiquity.

The two hundred Koreans of this city live on the fringes of Chinatown, on Powell and Mason Streets and along Jackson Street. They are shopkeepers, mostly, owners of restaurants, cleaning and dyeing establishments and shoe repair shops.

China

THERE IS MAGIC in the name of China; the unchangeable, imperturbable China. The thought of a race that has not changed in forty centuries, that has remained singularly free from foreign influences, that to this day has customs, ceremonies and modes of speech that were old before Christ was born, pricks the imagination and fires the romantic impulse. For countless ages the Chinese have peacefully lived behind their Great Wall and have preserved for us the oldest contemporary civilization. They are a patient, conservative people indifferent to the changes and upheavals of the world. The Chinese in this country have coalesced behind their wall of reserve and have resisted all efforts at change or dissolution. They have brought China with them; its laws, its customs and its traditions.

In San Francisco they live in their world-famous Chinatown. In their self-sufficiency and utter indifference to the ways of the American, they have recreated here their own life, a China in miniature. Chinatown is a city within a city. Because of their

powers of resistance and through sheer force of numbers they have even forced the city and federal governments to erect public buildings for their own use, a gesture the powers that be in this country have made to no other foreign language group. Chinatown has its own Post Office, telephone exchange, schools and playgrounds; three temples and seven Christian churches; hotels, theatres and night-clubs.

The Chinese have been in California since the days of the Gold Rush. There was already a Chinese colony here in 1850. In 1853 there were fifteen thousand and in 1860 there were over forty thousand all in California. Until the transcontinental railroads were built all the Chinese were on the West Coast. All Chinese immigrants are from South China and ninety per cent of them are from the province of Kwangtung.

The first Chinese settled on Sacramento Street and since then the street has been known to all Chinese as "China Street." The colony spread rapidly and soon covered an area



China

of ten square blocks, the territory bounded by Sacramento, Stockton, Clay, Powell, Pacific and Kearny Streets. This was and still is Chinatown. In seventy years it grew no larger, only in the last ten years has Chinatown burst its boundaries. The more well-to-do have moved beyond Powell Street along Clay, Washington and Jackson Streets. It is a teeming, noisy section of narrow streets and dark alleys. Twenty thousand Chinese live within these ten blocks and there are thousands of visitors and tourists every day.

The streets are always crowded, day and night. Women in brocaded gowns, shopping and gossiping; children with faces like cameos running under one's feet; old men in broad-brimmed hats and with long-stemmed pipes, shuffling along in slippers; knots of fascinated tourists, errand-boys from the cafes, balancing trays of food on their heads; chair menders, their chairs slung on long poles hung on their shoulders; gay youths and maidens, four abreast throng the sidewalks at all hours. There is a continual stream of cars; trucks unloading on the sidewalk, for this Chinatown is the commercial center for all Chinese, not only in the United States but in Mexico and South America. At night it becomes brash and slightly dizzy and the stamping and shuffling continue far into the night.

Grant Avenue is the main street and the center of business. The families live usually on the side streets and in the alleys.

There are thousands of families crowded in tenements, living under the most sordid conditions, yet they carry on a communal life that has remained unchanged through the centuries. There is a strong sentiment of unity and a deep loyalty to the family. The young Chinese have much more respect for their parents and for the aged than is usual with second-generation youngsters of other racial groups. These tenements are all Chinese, the addition of laced-iron balconies and fire-escapes, projecting garrets with curled ends conceal for the visitor the narrow, crooked stairs and dark hallways.

All the social classes of China are reproduced here. There are the rich merchants, reactionary and dignified; the professional men, all graduates of American universities and mostly American-born; the craftsmen—workers in jade, iron, in bamboo, makers of jewelry, kites, grill-work, furniture, creating things by hand exactly as the craftsmen of China have done for centuries; the laborers, sixty percent of them laundrymen and restaurant workers, the women, garment workers. The boys of the poorer families swarm about Portsmouth Square with shoe-shine kits, anxious to augment the family income by a few pennies.

Grant Avenue is lined with stores selling all sorts of wares. There is a bewildering mixture of goods; a box of tea on top of a pair of shoes or a bit of china next to a head of cabbage.

China

Below Sacramento Street the stores are for the tourist and are mostly Japanese. These shops sell kimonos, jackets, cigarette holders, boxes, dolls, cards and various kinds of souvenirs. Beyond Sacramento Street is the real Chinatown. The leading restaurants, newspapers, art and curio shops are to be found along this street. The food shops are stocked with more different kinds of vegetables than you ever thought existed. The basic Chinese diet is rice and green vegetables with pork, fish or poultry. The greens are stacked in crates on the sidewalk; cabbages, Chinese celery, endive, mushrooms, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, bean sprouts. The striking note is the beauty and variety of the vegetables and fruits in what is supposed to be one of the poorest quarters of the city; the fuzziest peaches and the most luscious melons, pears and avocados. Next to them are the sidewalk stands selling candy and flowers. There are hundreds of Chinese flower growers on the peninsula who specialize in asters, chrysanthemums, evergreens and red berries. The candy stands display candied ginger, cocoanut strips, bitter melon seeds, li-chee nuts, pickled almonds, sugared plums.

In contrast there are the specialty shops selling only one kind of article. Liquor stores with stone bottles of rice wine, brandy distilled from honey and a most delicious drink made from rose leaves. The bowl shop has bowls from all sections of

China; thick, durable china from Canton, egg-shell china from Hangkow and porcelain from Peiping. The music stores display Chinese instruments—various kinds of highly ornamented drums, two-stringed fiddles and four-stringed moon guitars, the Chinese clarinet, a double reed instrument ending in a metal bell. The kite shops display their wares in shapes of stylized animals and birds. The Chinese have an artistic orderliness in the midst of chaos that never ceases to be a source of wonder to the visitor.

At California Street and Grant Avenue, opposite Old St. Mary's church is St. Mary's Park with a memorial to the greatest modern Chinese, Dr. Sun Yat Sen. On Sacramento Street is the Chinese Y. M. C. A., the Chinese school, stores selling bamboo and wicker ware and the shrimp shops. On Washington Street is the Chinese Telephone Exchange, in typical Chinese architecture, where all calls among the 2200 subscribers are made by name instead of number. Jackson Street is the center of night life. There are a dozen cafes in the block between Grant Avenue and Kearney Street which serve Chinese food to Americans and American food to the Chinese. In this block are the Great China Theatre and several pool halls and gambling clubs patronized by Filipinos, Chinese, Koreans and Negroes. In the next block of Grant Avenue are the Mandarin Theatre and the live poultry and fish markets

China

with their windows full of live chickens, ducks, frogs, pigeons, eels and rabbits.

Along Stockton Street are the herb stores, their windows displaying herbs and medicinal plants, their interiors lined with shelves and cases containing dried roots, dried rattlesnakes and locusts, sea horses and frogs, all used in compound-
ing ancient prescriptions. Although there is a modern hospital on Jackson Street and up-to-date drug stores, nevertheless many hundreds of people still find cures in the liquids and powders of the herbalists. Also on Stockton Street are the Chinese Six Companies, the city hall and court house of Chinatown, whose building of blue glazed brick is one of the most pleasing in the city; the offices of Kuo Min Tang, the Chinese Nationalist Party, the party of Sun Yat Sen and Chiang Kai Shek; the Central Chinese High School; and the Chinese Catholic Social Center, the most complete social agency in the colony, with a school, playground, gymnasium, chapel, evening classes in the Chinese and English languages and special classes in Chinese music.

On Washington Street between Grant Avenue and Stockton Street is a short alley, lined with specialty shops, a center of tourist trade, but interesting, too, to native San Franciscans. It is known as "Old Chinatown" and is a Chinatown in miniature, a concentration of Chinese art and culture in one spot.

These little shops are arranged around a "Wishing Well." Like the Trevi Fountain in Rome, it is significant. Anyone tossing a coin into the well is guaranteed a return to San Francisco and to Chinatown. There are shops selling souvenirs and cards, dolls, linens, pottery jars, embroidered scarves, boxes and chests of sandalwood, soapstone trays, terra-cotta tea pots, enamel copper plates, perfume jars of porcelain and snuff jars of paste. There is a tea room, a Chinese letter writer and a fortune teller.

In this alley, too, is the Pavilion of the Seven Maidens, presided over by Kwan Yin, the goddess of Mercy, special patron of young girls, and here, too, is the Red Gate Theatre, presenting one of the oldest forms of dramatic art known to man, the shadow play. At the end of the alley down a flight of mysterious stairs is the studio of Ching Wah Lee, a museum of Chinese art. There are pieces on exhibition that any first-class museum would covet, priceless examples of the sculpture and porcelain of the Ming and Sung dynasties. On the walls and in cases are antique ivory figures, bronze vases, luxurious robes of silk and brocaded satin, embroidered altar cloths, painted screens, and such intimate objects of a far-away era as cricket cages and spectacles, used centuries ago by a student. Ching Wah Lee is an authority on China and its people, is the representative of the Gray Line and the founder and editor of the Chinese Digest.

China

The best time to visit Chinatown is during the New Year festivities. Chinese New Year begins when the moon enters the sign of Aquarius, which occurs not before January twenty-first and not later than February twenty-first. This is the First Moon of the old Chinese calendar. A few days before on the twenty-fourth day of the Twelfth Moon, the Kitchen God, or guardian of the Hearth, ascends to Heaven to report on the behavior of the family. With much ceremony he is sent off, his mouth smeared with honey so that he may speak well of his family. All accounts and business transactions must be settled before the New Year begins, and everyone who can takes a week off from his business. No meat is eaten on the first day of the new year, but on the second there is great feasting and gifts are exchanged and formal calls made.

The street stands blossom with Chinese lilies and azaleas, the traditional gifts for the holiday. On New Year's Eve the quarter is crowded to its capacity with Chinese from all over the State and thousands of visitors so that it is almost impossible to move. The explosion of firecrackers heralds the New Year and the crackling and sputtering keeps up for nearly a month. The cafes and bars hold open house, the clubs and tong headquarters are thronged and everyone sits down to a banquet of such delicacies as bird's nest soup, shark's fins, roast duck, frog's legs, candied kumquats and orange peel.

On the sixth and seventh days of the First Moon the lion dances through the streets, bringing good luck to whomever he visits. Money tied to a bit of lettuce leaf is the bait used to lure him to the door of one's house or place of business. This is perhaps the most picturesque feature of Chinatown life and one that is known to but few outsiders. This is the only public festival, but there are many others still celebrated here quietly and without ostentation: the Feast of the Lanterns, at the first full moon, when householders hang colored lanterns before their doors; the Moon Festival at the harvest moon in October, when the special moon cakes are made; the Ten Ten Day, the tenth of October, commemorating the establishment of the Chinese Republic on October 10, 1911. There are also the days of memory of the honorable ancestors, celebrated by the various family associations.

A visit to Chinatown would not be complete without attendance at the Chinese theatre. Both theatres, one on Grant Avenue and the other on Jackson Street, are worth attending. Chinese drama is virtually a music drama. Music is played throughout the performance, sometimes drowning out the performer's voice. This is not a nuisance to the Chinese as he knows by heart the stories of these ancient dramas and missing a speech now and then is not considered amiss. The stringed instruments, guitars and fiddles keep up a ceaseless accompaniment during

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the play. The percussion instruments, large gong, cymbals, flat, circular drum and wooden blocks are used to punctuate the speeches. The music is very old and the musicians play from memory, producing many variations and embellishments. The ideal of a vocal performance requires a high, forced falsetto tone. The Chinese theatre has defied change and the people still enjoy the interminable plots of their classic plays. The costumes are opulent, the gestures and pantomime exquisite.

There is an organization devoted to the preservation of Chinese music, the Nam Ching Musical Association, with rooms on Waverly Place. Visitors are not allowed in the building but if you listen sharply some night as you pass by, you might hear a rehearsal in progress, the shrill flutes and the wailing violins can be heard above the street noises. Chinese music is pentatonic and non-harmonic. The tenacious instincts of these people have preserved a more archaic type of music than is known to the Western world. The popular music is played during banquets, funeral processions and at the New Year's celebrations. The classic music is heard nowadays only in the temples.

There are two temples; the most popular is the Kong Chow Temple on Pine Street near Kearny. This is dedicated to the God of War and the strict rules of Chinese temple architecture have been carried out in detail. It is one of the show places of the colony. The Quan Dai Temple on Waverly Place is the home

of the God of the Sea. In one of the dusty, forgotten alleys is the shrine to the God of Adventure. The great religions of China are Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. There have been struggles in the past by these religions but so tolerant is the Chinese mind that there has never been any animosity toward them by the masses of people. Many Chinese accept all three religions equally. Each has its proper place in the scheme of things. Confucianism supplies the moral code; Buddhism appeals to the mystical and the ceremonious, while Taoism is accepted by the superstitious.

There are six newspapers. The oldest is the Chinese World, founded in 1891. It is reactionary, the organ of the wealthy merchants. Chung Sai Yat Po and the Chinese Times are non-partisan. Young China and the Nationalist Daily are organs of the Chinese Republican Party, the Kuo Min Tang. The Chinese Digest is printed in English, read as much by Americans as by the Chinese. All newspapers, however, have forgotten their quarrels in their wholehearted support of the Chinese government in the present crisis.

Chinese food is known to all San Franciscans. For three generations they have patronized the cafes of Chinatown. Chop suey and chow mein are well known to the rest of the country as every large center of population has its Chinese restaurant. Here in San Francisco, however, are the best Chinese cooks in

China

America. There are over a hundred restaurants in Chinatown and all of them are good. In any one of them you will be served an excellent meal. The secret of Chinese cooking is not to cook the vegetables too much and to serve the food in its own juice, thus preserving the goodness and flavor. The best Chinese dishes are hung yun gai ding, a mixture of chicken, almonds, mushrooms and onions; bow yee gong, abalone with mushrooms and bamboo shoots; tse choy gong, a soup of seaweed; bo lo pai gwat, spareribs and pineapple; foyoung, omelette. With all meals are served the inevitable tea and rice.

The cornerstone of Chinese life is the family. The family is close-knit and is integrated in the clan. Families of the same name have been closely organized for centuries and the whole organization of cohesive groups has withstood the ravages of time. Wars and revolutions come and go, invaders conquer and are absorbed and still the massive structure of Chinese life stands unchanged and unbroken. Western ideas have made only superficial marks. This social structure has been transported in toto to America and has been the greatest factor in preventing Chinese life here from disintegrating.

There are about sixty family associations in America. The largest are the Lees, Chans and Wongs. Organized on the old clan system they are the most potent influence in Chinese-American life. Within the family groups are smaller and inter-

related brotherhoods organized according to village of origin. Based on kinship and friendship, they help any of their members who are in trouble and provide for new businesses.

Next in importance in the social structure are the territorial societies, composed of people from the same section of Kwangtung. All Chinese are members of one of the six territorial organizations. Within a territorial group there are members of all families. A representative from each of these territorial organizations is elected to a general committee which is known as the Chinese Six Companies. When trouble arises between one of the territorial groups and one of the family societies it is brought before the committee to arbitrate. Thus, the Six Companies have become the courts of justice of the Chinese and it is perhaps due to their fairness and success at compromise that there is so little trouble in Chinatown. It is one of the most peaceful sections of the city and the lurid tales that you may hear about opium dens and slave marts are either fictitious or belong to the days before the fire of 1906.

The third social layer of Chinese life consists of the tongs. Tong really means guild and they are formed on the basis of one's occupation. The frequent tong wars that have besmirched the past of the Chinese in America are purely local phenomena. In the early days of Chinese immigration the American courts had little interest, even hostility to the Chinese. In despair at ever

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receiving justice at the hands of the American courts the Chinese took matters into their own hands. The tongs represent the merchant class as well as the workers and there is no doubt liable to be hard feelings at times. It is true that certain tongs used strong-arm methods to gain their ends. In these times, however, with the co-operation of the police and with Chinese public opinion definitely against them, tong wars have ceased to exist. There has been no trouble since 1933 and there is not likely to be any more. Their power is broken and now they are virtually fraternal and social organizations.

The schools co-operate with the family and territorial groups in maintaining the traditions of the ancestral home. There is a public school, the Oriental School whose pupils are all Chinese. There is also a Catholic school and six part-time schools,

operated by territorial organizations, by popular subscription and by the Protestant missions. These schools teach history, ethics, morals, Chinese language and literature. Thus the whole solid structure of Chinese civilization is impregnated in Chinese-American life. As the changes of thousands of years have not shaken the foundations in China neither will the subtle influences of modern life crack the surface. The young Chinese may attend movies, dance to swing music and drink cocktails but the deeper channels of their lives will remain unchanged. The wholesome family life and the high moral tone of education in the Chinese schools which every youngster attends has a sober and refining influence that will remain with the Chinese forever. In being a good Chinese he is also being a good American.

India

THERE ARE only about two dozen natives of India in the Bay Region, only three thousand in all the United States. In spite of that, however, you can observe here three forms of Indian life in miniature—religious, commercial, political. A temple, a shop and a newspaper in this city influence greatly the life, not only of the East Indian but of the American population as well.

Indian philosophy has exerted a great influence on American life. At the Wednesday night services at the Hindu Temple, Webster and Filbert Streets, the congregation is entirely American or European. Hindu philosophy is embodied in the Veda, which is the Sanskrit for knowledge or science. The Vedanta philosophy is based on the texts of the Veda, principally the Upanishads. It is one of the six main schools of Indian thought, all of which, however, agree on the Veda as the final authority. The basis of the Veda, in fact of all Indian thought is that there is but one substance or reality, self-created, imperceptible, all-knowing. This is the supreme spirit, the impersonal self, the

Brahman. An important part of the doctrine is belief in transmigration of souls, as evidenced also in the teachings of Buddha.

This temple is the first Vedanta mission in the West. Founded in August, 1905, by Swami Trigunatita it has an air of the mysterious East about it. An ordinary San Francisco dwelling house, it has, by the addition of towers and turrets in the style of Agra or Calcutta brought an authentic bit of India to the city. Yoga is another of the schools of Indian thought and there are several teachers of that philosophy which insists on mental discipline and acceptance of theism. Another school is the Sikh also represented by several teachers here.

The Sikhs are a militant group of the Hindus from the extreme northern part of India. Constantly being harassed by the aggressive Mohammedans they have become the defenders of the faith and are excellent fighters, much in demand by the British as soldiers and policemen. The overwhelming majority of the Indians in America are Sikhs. Two thousand of the three thousand in



India

the United States are Sikhs and all residents of California. They are farm laborers in the Imperial Valley and on the ranches along the banks of the Sacramento River. Their center is Stockton where the itinerant worker makes his headquarters while travelling from job to job. There is a colony of several hundred in this town and they gather at the Sikh Temple for the frequent feast days. The Hindu New Year on April 15 is the most popular.

The best known East Indian in San Francisco is Godha Ram Channon. He is known to all the Hindus of the country, who never fail to pay him a visit when they are in the city. He is a follower of Gandhi, and admirers of that great Indian, no matter what their race, come to Mr. Channon to discuss him and his theory of passive resistance. There is a constant coming and going in the shop on Grant Avenue, the India-China Trading Company, where Mr. Channon holds forth. You are welcome to go in and talk to him yourself about India and Gandhi. The shop itself is fascinating. India prints line the walls and drape the balconies. There are saris, fine silk ones and plainer cotton ones with which the Indian woman wraps around her to make

the most individual of national costumes. On the tables and shelves are arranged boxes and stools of rare sandalwood, exquisitely carved ivory, brass from Benares and Muradabad and Numdah rugs.

The only paper in the United States published in the Hindustani tongue is the Ghadar. It is a revolutionary paper anti-imperialistic and anti-British. In the publishing house, the Ashram at 5 Wood Street a group of Indian revolutionaries have gathered. There are students, writers and musicians, all united in one idea, the freedom of India. This paper has a circulation all over the North American continent and even is read in India.

The Hindu population of San Francisco is largely of the upper caste, merchants, doctors, writers. A small number, including a few Afghans, are hokey-pokey men, peddlers of ice cream and peanuts. Every morning at eleven they gather at the wholesale house on McAllister Street near Fillmore to buy their supplies for the day. There are no Hindu restaurants in the city, but in Stockton there are places where one can get the curries so typical of India and the flat, round Indian bread called roti, and dal, the thick soup of split peas and lentils.

Persia

IN TRAVELLING from India up into the Caucasus and thence to Russia, we pass through Iran, the country Americans know as Persia. There is really no Persian life to be seen in San Francisco, although there are about four hundred people here from Iran who are Assyrians. The four hundred are Assyrians, descendants of the ancient Assyrians who thousands of years ago built the mighty empires of Assyria and Babylon on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Only about two hundred thousand of them remain, inhabiting the mountains of northwestern Iran; the plains to the south about Mosul in Iraq and to the north as far as Lake Van in Turkey. Most of the Assyrians in California are from Iran.

There are about twenty thousand in the United States, half of them in Chicago, and large colonies in Yonkers, New York and in Connecticut. There is a colony of five hundred farmers in Turlock, California. These colonies are the older ones. In San Francisco most of them are refugees from the Turkish and Kurdish atrocities of 1918-20. Here they seem to have a monopoly

of the painting and decorating trade. There are also many who are plumbers, janitors, elevator operators and rug dealers.

Assyrians first heard of America about a hundred years ago from missionaries. Why missionaries, we have never been able to understand, as they had been converted to Christianity in apostolic times. They have held onto their national church, the Nestorian, tenaciously, and since the third century have endured persecution after persecution. Fleeing from the Mongol hordes in the thirteenth century, the Nestorians under the leadership of their Patriarch settled in the mountains of Kurdistan and in their remote villages maintained their religious and political autonomy. The services of the Nestorian church are still conducted with apostolic simplicity. The Assyrians of the Euphrates Valley and the district about Mosul have become members of the Roman Catholic church, allowed by Rome to retain their liturgical language and customs; a church within a church.

Few families have been here longer than twenty years. In 1919 thirty-two refugee families arrived here from Baghdad



Persia

under the leadership of the Rev. Lazar Nweeya. These families and a few from Assyrian colonies in the East constitute the colony today. They have settled in the Noe Valley and Noe Hill and in the neighborhood of Buchanan, O'Farrell and Eddy.

There are no churches of their very own but the Reverend Father Bitfara resides here and officiates at the weddings, funerals and christenings of the Catholics. The Nestorians attend the Episcopal churches and once or twice a year receive a visit from the Reverend Paul Shimmon of the Nestorian church in Turlock. Like all Eastern peoples the Assyrian lives close to his home and is not much in evidence in public places. He is reserved and clannish and the families intermarry to a great degree. Every Assyrian knows every other and whatever happens in the group is known to all Assyrians all over the country. There are no public meeting places or restaurants. However, an Armenian has opened a restaurant named after the most famous of all Persians—Omar Khayyam. Assyrian food is the same as that eaten by all the Eastern peoples. So, when the Assyrian wishes to partake of his cracked wheat or stuffed egg-plant or his elaborate desserts he goes to this restaurant where he can dine beneath murals and verses illustrating the Rubaiyyat. Once or twice a year the Ladies Society presents a play and there is an annual picnic at Turlock on July 4. These are the only times that one can visit the Assyrian in public. At all these affairs there will

be plenty of native music and dancing. The dances follow the same pattern as the Armenian and the Hindu. The round dance in which everyone joins is the tamzarah. The orchestra is traditional—the kouwal, a large tambourine, the inside of which is ornamented with bells, rings and coins; kamancha, the ancestor of all violins, with horsehair strings and played upright in the lap; the saz, a lute-like instrument with five strings. The music is shrill and plaintive, full of the glowing imagery of the East. The costumes reflect the love of these people for bright colors, rich fabrics and glittering jewels.

You are indeed fortunate if you can hear Joe Daniels play the tar. This is the Persian national instrument and according to musicologists a similar instrument was in use in the ancient civilizations of Persia and Assyria. Nearly extinct today it is found only in Persia and the Caucasus. Mr. Daniels shows us his instrument with pride as every bit of the work including the beautifully inlaid handle was done by himself. His fingers pluck the strings and emit strange sounds; sweet, soothing and deeply vibrant. It is just such an instrument—a double-headed string instrument, held in the same upright position, that is depicted on fragments of Babylonian bas-reliefs. We listen to these archaic notes and look with more than a little wonder at this representative of a forgotten fragment of a race that we think of as belonging to the hoary past.

A rmenia

~ & THE CAUCASUS ~

THE ARMENIAN like the other Near Eastern peoples in this city is a rather elusive creature. There are not many here (about three thousand Armenians and five hundred Caucasians) and there is no distinct colony. There are small groups scattered over the city. Oakland, the Richmond district and Nob Hill have many families but the largest number live in the Eureka valley.

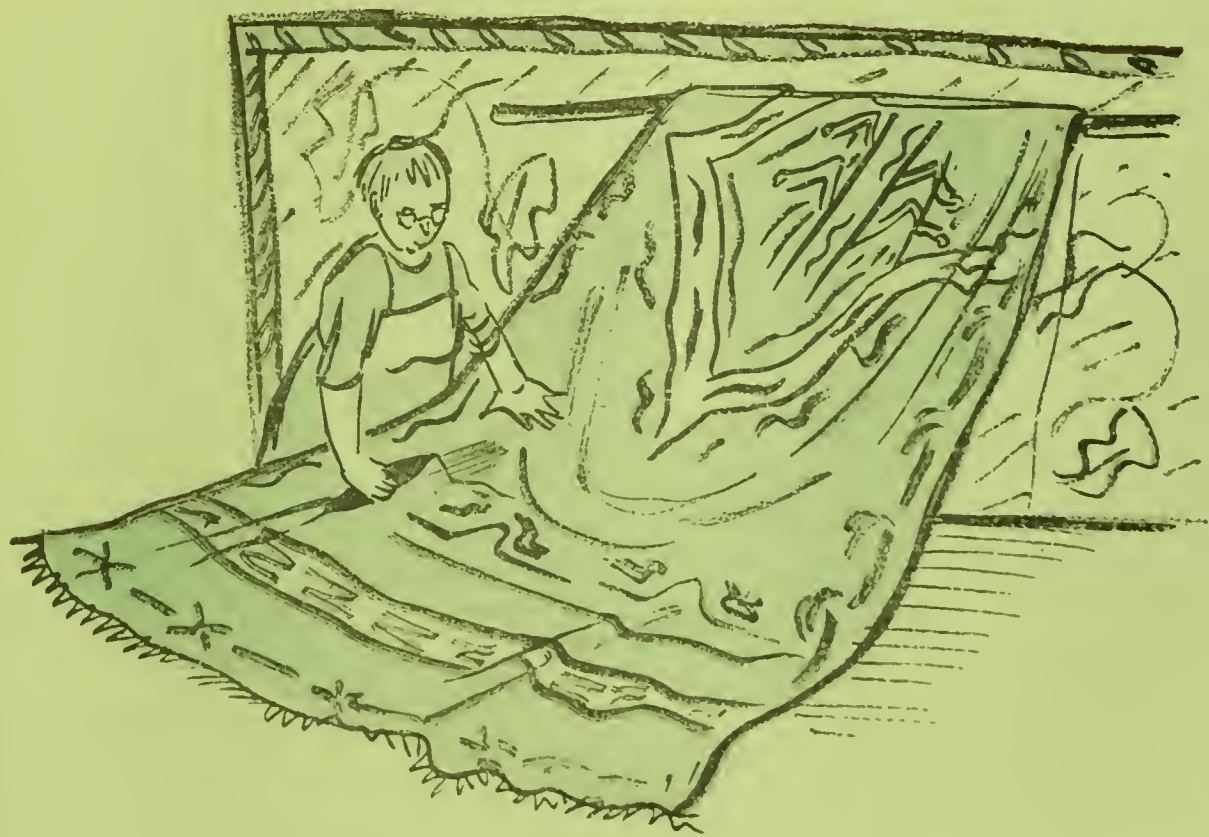
Although the Caucasians and Armenians are clannish, this clannishness is a family matter and the division of the people into various language groups and then again into political and social groups is responsible for this diffusion. Every political party has its followers. There are liberals and conservatives, nationalists and republicans, communists and fascists. There are the mountain people who look down on the plains people and who consider themselves superior to every other people.

Armenian immigration started about 1870. Although it included many peasants from the plains of Turkish Armenia, the

migration differed from others in that it was composed for the most part of merchants; small shopkeepers, shoemakers, silk weavers and dyers, rug weavers and coppersmiths who in their native land combined a handicraft manufacture with small shop-keeping, a system which is still prevalent in Armenia. After 1919, the Russian Armenians and Caucasians made their appearance.

Fresno, with a population of ten thousand is the second largest Armenian center in America. The colony has many wealthy wine merchants and raisin growers. They grow some fruit and a great part of the watermelons shipped from the county. The city is the seat of the bishop of the Western diocese of the Armenian Apostolic church whose Cathedral is called St. Vartan's.

No sooner does an Armenian arrive here than he steps into some business. There is no shrewder business man on earth than the Armenian. One has to be grateful to him however, for intro-



Armenia

ducing the Oriental rug to America, the quiet and peaceful rug, which does more than anything else we know of to rest the weary eye in the whirlwind of the city. It is a real joy to enter one of the many Armenian rug stores and silently to feast one's eyes on soft, mellow rugs and to feel really "far from the madding crowd". Perhaps at one of these shops you may see a rug weaver at work, fashioning a rug on his loom exactly as his ancestors have done for thousands of years. And, to see a copper-smith at work in the traditional patterns of his ancestors, visit the shop of A. Hairenian at Sacramento and Fillmore Streets.

The social life of the Armenian centers around the family. Every family is in itself a club. There is always plenty of feasting and music at an Armenian house and the young folks are encouraged to bring their friends. There are of course, clubs and restaurants where the men gather. The societies are the Armenian General Benevolent Union, the Daughters of Armenia, the Armenian Junior League, the Friends of Soviet Armenia and the A. R. F. Rosdom. The latter club gives a ball every year about Christmas time in its club rooms at 97 Collingwood Street, when the national costumes are worn. The skirts and shawls of the women and their priceless jewelry, much of it family heirlooms brought from the old home, reflect in their design and color the subtlety of an Oriental rug.

Try, if you can, to go to an Armenian picnic. You will see these

people at their best. The picnic party centers around the open fire where quantities of shish-kebab are barbecued. There is always a native orchestra of three pieces; the *oude*, a fat-bellied mandolin plucked with an eagle's feather; drums, clarinet and perhaps a *kemancheh*, a primitive violin played upright on the knees instead of under the chin. The music and dances are measured and rhythmic, combining the suave, intricate melodies of the East with the wilder, harsher measures of the mountaineers. The whole company join in the round dances but there is an opportunity for the best of the dancers to display their skill in the *zeibak*, a solo dance for a man in which he shows his grace and strength to the assembled people, more particularly to the young lady of his heart's desire. Shish-kebab is the *piece de resistance* of every Armenian feast. It is lamb cooked on spits over an open charcoal fire, with onions and tomatoes. It is usually served with the Near East version of bread called *patzhatz*, a thin, flat affair like a tortilla.

Armenian food has many characteristics in common with other Near East foods. A dish which is known the length and breadth of the East from the Balkans to the Kalmucks on the wild Siberian plains is *matzoon*, a form of fermented milk which the Armenians have popularized in this country under the trade names of Zoolak and Fermilak. *Pilaf* is a highly seasoned dish of rice or wheat and meat which is also eaten all through the Near

Armenia

East. Kefteh, the typical dish of Harpoot is the Armenian form of croquettes. It is most delicious, being a mixture of kernels of whole wheat, bits of lamb, raisins, walnuts and dates. Sarma, small rolls of meat and rice wrapped in grape-vine leaves and dolma, stuffed squash or tomato, are both typical dishes. All these foods are served at Omar Khayyam on O'Farrell Street, which is the rendezvous for many distinguished Armenians and other Levantine peoples. The Egyptian consul may be found dining there frequently. The Cairo Restaurant on Fourth Street is another place where real Near Eastern food is served.

Religion plays a definite part in the life of every Armenian. They are all Christian and coming from a land where that religion was not tolerated they are fiercely militant about it. The National Church is the Armenian Apostolic Church, sometimes called the Gregorian after its greatest saint, Gregory the Illuminator. The Armenian church although in ritual like the Greek Orthodox is closest to the Episcopal in form. There are two Gregorian churches in the Bay district, Oakland and San Francisco. Services are held here at the Church of the Advent, Fell and Franklin Streets. Protestant missionaries have been active in Armenia for years, as a result many Armenians are members of Evangelical churches. There is a Presbyterian church at 2409 Washington Street. There are also a few Catholics of the Armenian rite.

Most of the Caucasians attend the Russian church but many more are Mohammedans. These families as well as the Russian Armenians live about Webster Street, and the bachelors on the streets south of Market. These people mingle with Russians a great deal, they speak Russian and belong to Russian clubs but they are not Russian and do not hesitate to tell you so. They are Georgians, Ossetes, Tatars, Lesghians and members of forgotten racial groups whom the Russians call under one generic name—Cherkessky.

These people are tailors, mechanics, leather workers. But it is as horsemen that they have become famous, maybe the world's finest horsemen. Because many of them were cavalymen in the Russian army they naturally took to working among horses upon coming here and thus we find them employed as grooms and riding instructors. Many formerly living here have left to join circuses and Wild West shows as trick riders. They dance as well as they ride and hardly a Russian party is complete without them. The entertainers at Russian balls and restaurants—those men who dance so swiftly and so lightly, who leap and whirl through that amazing Caucasian dance, the lezginka, are men of those races—men from some "aul" high on a mountain top or from some fertile valley in sight of Kasbek or Ararat.

A tavern on Sixth Street near Howard is a gathering place for these men. It is an ordinary place, no different from a hun-

Armenia

dred other sandwich bars throughout the city. The food is plain, simple fare but the clientele is more interesting than the food. Armenians, Syrians, Turks and various fierce-looking people from half-wild tribes of the Caucasus are drinking beer and playing cards. But if you happen to be there when some musicians

visit the place and bring their instruments along and are indulging in a celebration of their own, fortunate are you indeed. Then you may hear wild folk melodies from Turkey and the Caucasus, an unforgettable experience and one that is getting rarer as years go by.

Russia

THE MOST SATISFYING way to truly know and fully understand a race is to listen to their music—this is particularly true of the Russians. Their music is symbolic of the soul of the race; their vivacity and naivete and their tremendous capacity for enduring suffering and pain. In the work songs and soldier songs such as the "Volga Boatmen," "Dubinushka", "The Cossacks Lament," what we hear is the stifled sob of a people whose natural spontaneity has been confined by centuries of oppression.

Go to the Russian Tea Room on Sutter Street and listen to the chorus sing these songs and you will immediately begin to have a clearer insight of the Russian character. The national melodies are sung in a minor key with an intensity of emotion that overwhelms the listener to such an extent that nothing else seems to matter for the moment but the cries of these representatives of a wonderful and distinctive race.

All is not sorrow and grief, however. Their humorous songs and dance music are merry and hilarious. The Cossack dances—

hopak and kolomyika are gay and vigorous requiring great skill and agility. To the Russians, dancing is not only a social amusement but an athletic exhibition. At times the dancer reaches such a high point of excitement that he is almost a wild man. The dances and music of the Cossacks exhibit the latent power and energy of these people.

The Tea Room is the best place for the general public to see typical Slavic entertainment but do not forget that the food is also typical. Good national dishes are served such as that peer of all soups, borsht. Russian cooks have been experimenters since early days and as a result have evolved such dishes as sirniki (fried cheese cakes with sour cream), blinis (thin, sweet pancakes, rolled and stuffed with caviar and with a sour cream sauce), blinchiki (small copies of blinis served with jelly and sprinkled with powdered sugar). This restaurant is decorated in the barbaric Russian style and altogether is one of the most charming eating places in town.



Russia

If the course of history had been different, California might have had Russian beginnings instead of Spanish. The Russians from their colonies in Alaska engaged in a commercial penetration of California for nearly fifty years. As early as 1799 the Russian-American Company traded in seal skins and whale oil around San Francisco Bay. In 1806 a scouting party visited the Presidio. A member of the party was the dashing Count Rezanov, whose romance with the daughter of the Commandante, Conchita Arguello has been tenderly told by Gertrude Atherton.

In 1811 the Russians established at Fort Ross a blockade which was an outpost for thirty years in spite of repeated Spanish protests. The block house and officers' quarters have been restored by the State of California and the original chapel is still just as it was in those days. An Orthodox service is held there every Fourth of July. But the Russian venture failed and the sale of Alaska to the United States in 1868 ended Russia's interest in the Western World. Traces of the Russians' sojourn here, however, are still in evidence in the names of Russian Hill, Sebastopol and the Russian River.

There were no more Russians in San Francisco until the Episcopal See was removed from Sitka to San Francisco in 1872. The bishop and several priests established the Cathedral on Filbert Street opposite Washington Square. Old San Francis-

cans remember the building, Muscovite in style with onion-shaped domes. It was destroyed in the fire of 1906 and was rebuilt on its present site at Van Ness Avenue at Green Street.

The Russian colony, until recently, was never large. The priests and their families and a few fur traders and fish dealers were the only Russians for many years. Russian Jews started coming in the latter part of the last century; but it was not until after the revolution of 1905 when peasant families from Siberia and the Volga region came to these shores that there were any great numbers of Russians in the city. Then came the great wave of refugees from the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917-21.

These emigres are entirely of the former privileged classes: noblemen, merchants and professional men. The majority consists of officers of the fleet of Kolchak and the armies of Semionoff. After their defeat by the Red Army they fled to Manchuria and China where they lived several years before coming to these shores. The merchants and bankers; professors and musicians; engineers and civil employees followed in their wake and all together formed here the most important Russian refugee colony in America. They came, in a manner of speaking, all at once. Before 1922 there were few, if any, in the city. Then every ship from China and Japan arrived with hundreds of Russians until by 1928 there were as many as fifteen thousand refugees here. At the present time this number has been reduced because many

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have left to raise chickens in Petaluma or to join the American Army or Coast Guard, or to answer the call of Hollywood, so that now there are only about ten thousand.

They have settled in the district between Fillmore and Baker Streets from O'Farrell to Sacramento Streets. A walk along O'Farrell Street, Sutter or Divisadero Street, will bring you by shops selling Russian delicacies such as caviar (the expensive red variety and the cheaper black), cottage cheese and sour cream, the standard ingredient of Russian cooking. There are loaves of coarse black bread, great tubs of cabbages and sauer kraut, sheets of halvah, tins of sprats and white-fish, and windows full of Russian candies wrapped in colored papers. There are bottles and kegs of vodka, the national drink, distilled from potatoes. It is colorless and tasteless but has the effect of liquid fire on the insides. Also bottles of zubrovka, distilled from a special grass that grows only in Siberia. There are boarding-houses that specialize in such typical dishes as beef Stroganoff; piroschki, hot pies stuffed with meat, fish or cabbage and always accompanied by a sort of buckwheat porridge called kasha. Regional dishes such as Siberian pelmeni and Caucasian shashlyk are served too.

We can start our tour by a visit to one of the excellent book stores. One on O'Farrell near Webster is typical of the old Russia. Owned by a former general of the Czar's army it has a

great collection of pictures and post cards of the glorious Russia before 1914. There are wooden boxes and salad bowls adorned with gay country scenes and icons, painted on wood or glass. Do not miss seeing the quaint toys, particularly the wooden dolls, excellent examples of the skill of the Russian wood turners. These dolls are made in families and each one is a little smaller than the other and each fits snugly into another. The mother is the largest, about ten inches high and the whole family is enclosed within her. The smallest is sometimes no bigger than a half an inch. All are decorated in those fascinating enamel colors that the Russians use so expertly.

The other book store is more in tune with these times as among the large stock of books are examples of the present day Russian writers as well as those of ante bellum days. This shop also carries a large variety of Russian magazines; those published by the exiles in France, China and Czechoslovakia as well as those from Russia itself. There is a special room for music and records and if you are not yet tired of "Dark Eyes" or "Shining Moon" you may hear them on the gramophone. This shop at Divisadero and Post Streets has the largest and best collection of Russian sheet music on the coast.

The Russian Church has the power to take the Russian out of his everyday self with its incense and chants, its icons to kiss and its mystery and healing power. It is their refuge in times of

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stress, their bulwark against doubt and failure, and their sanctuary where they can pour out their prayers and be relieved of the hopelessness of their existence even if only for a short time. The refugees who have so much to forget, so much more peace and contentment to seek have been devoted members of the church. It is fortunate that they have such a church to cling to, for in no other church can one seem to be so close to Heaven. The service is dramatic and the music inspiring. The Greek rite allows of no musical instrument in their churches and the choir sings unaccompanied. The music has been composed to fit the words of the Russian tongue and thus has produced the loveliest of all sacred music. The blend of voices and the boom of the incredible basses who range from middle C to low A three times below the bass stave, produces an indescribable effect. There are four Russian churches in the Bay region: the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity at Green Street and Van Ness Avenue; the Cathedral of the Holy Virgin, Fulton and Fillmore Streets; St. Nicholas, 443 Divisadero Street, and the church of St. John the Baptist, 2025 Durant Avenue, Berkeley. Visits to any of these churches will afford impressive examples of their amazing "a capella" style of singing.

The greatest time of the year for all Russians is Eastertide. On Holy Saturday the great service begins at midnight. The service is preceded by a procession around the church and ex-

actly at the stroke of twelve the choir and the celebrants break forth into the Easter anthem, "Christ is Risen," and the whole congregation answer "Christ is Risen Indeed." The blaze of hundreds of candles, the Archbishop in his gold vestments, the music and the very real religious devotion of the vast throng moves one to such an extent that one's heart seems to stop beating.

The Easter season is the end of the long Lenten fast and after the services, in the early hours of the morning families gather to break that fast. Many people still observe the old custom of bringing colored eggs and the special koulitch, or cake to church to be blessed. Easter festivities last for a whole week and the traditional greeting "Christ is Risen" is used in place of the more usual ones all during this season.

In the period before Lent and after Easter the various balls are given and as every club and society has a ball there is never a week-end without some kind of a social affair. In the fall of the year all the societies unite in the climax of the social season, the annual ball for the benefit of the wounded war veterans. Russian society turns out in as much of the old style as is possible on small incomes. Nevertheless, the officers and their ladies perform the formal court dances in a manner redolent of older and happier days.

These people are quite different from the average immigrant.

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They fled their country because of a cataclysmic change in government and not through any desire for economic betterment. When they fled they left behind money, position, comfortable, even luxurious homes and they hoped soon to return. They have all suffered great privation before landing here, many barely escaped death or torture. They are people without a country. It is natural that those who arrived first should turn with a will to help those who came later and the colony has more than the usual number of societies for mutual help and protection. The Russian Relief Society, the Russian Benevolent Society, the Russian Invalids of the World War, Russian Former Naval Officers Association, Russian Society for the Care and Education of Russian Children, the Admiral Stark Navy Society, are some of the benefit organizations. There is a home for disabled officers, a home for widows of officers and a day nursery. Because of the unique nature of the colony its members live a life self-contained, a life turned inward upon itself. There is always talk of the old days and memories of the years of their glory. You will find an undercurrent of sadness all through the life of the emigres. Even their gayety has a feverish intensity as though they were determined to turn pleasure into pain or perhaps their pain into pleasure.

The peasants that came about 1905 and 1906 settled in the Potrero, on the hills beyond the Mission. They are members of

various peculiar religious sects that had been persecuted by the old Czarist government, and include Molokani, or milk drinkers; Raskolniki, or Old Believers; Byeguni, or Holy Jumpers; Doukobors and Baptists. They are the typical muzhik—slow, easy-going, stubborn and mystical. They work mostly as laborers and longshoremen, the women in laundries and canneries.

They do not seek the usual pleasures of the Russian peasant. The various sects forbid dancing and the use of spirits; their leisure hours are spent in drinking innumerable glasses of tea, singing folk songs or cultivating little gardens. The group feeling is strong, the families are large and the father or oldest male is the absolute head of the house. On Sundays they gather in their barn-like churches and sing and pray in their own unique manner. It is worth the trouble to travel out to the Potrero early on Sunday morning to watch the knots of church-goers come from all corners of the hill, the women wearing finely embroidered lace-trimmed shawls. They have for neighbors a few families of Ukrainians, who speak a dialect akin to Russian. Ukrainians are smaller and darker than Russians and have more vivacity and dash than their cousins from the north. The Potrero Hill House, de Haro Street near Twenty-second Street is the social center for these people where they gather of an evening to listen to a concert or lecture and where there are gymnasiums and clubs for their children.

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Space forbids us to go more into detail about the Russians here, but we might jot down in our travel note book the date of January 25, which is the day of St. Tatiana, patron of Russian students and in whose honor a students' rout is held. There are two organizations of professional theatrical people whose performances from time to time are worth attending. The Russian Dramatic Club gives productions of Tolstoy and Chekov and the Russian Musical Society brings the operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tchaikovsky and Moussorgsky to the stage of the War Memorial Auditorium every year. To raise money to finance

these productions a typical Russian country fair, called the Yarmaka is held in the Spring at Sigmund Stern Grove. If it is around Christmas time we might like to attend one of the entertainments given by the children of the Russian schools connected with the churches. The Russian Church still uses the Julian calendar and Christmas is thirteen days later than ours. For information on the festivals and theatrical productions inquire at the offices of the two Russian language papers, The Russian News-Life, 1520 Divisadero Street, and the Novaya Zarya, 2078 Sutter Street.

Czechoslovakia

TO UNDERSTAND the Czechs you must know something of the unique organization known as the Sokol. It is the axis around which all Czech life revolves. Primarily a gymnastic organization, it also fosters the native tongue and the national spirit. During the centuries of oppression under Austrian rule it was the mask behind which the freedom of the race was accomplished. It trained the spirit as well as the body and taught patience and preparedness. When the time came for freedom it found the Czechs ready, and the lessons learned in the Sokol school were the basis of the new Czechoslovak state which was a model for all democratic states. Remembering these lessons still, the Czechs today are biding their time until once more they can emerge as an independent and free state.

Freedom is the dearest possession of the Czechs. Nearly half of their national existence has been spent in fighting for that freedom. It was hatred of oppression that led to the long and bloody religious wars of the fifteenth century. The greatest

Czech of them all, Jan Hus, sounded the first note of religious freedom a century before Luther. Hus is still a great figure in the minds of the Czechs and his memorial day is celebrated with speeches and music.

Sokol Hall in San Francisco at 739 Page Street is the center of the colony's social, political and cultural life. A dozen or so societies meet here, and here also is where the dances and festivals are held. Nearly every Saturday night there is a social of some kind and you will be sure to find some Czechs and Slovaks. These two peoples are really one and the same race, speaking dialects of the same Slavic tongue. They differ somewhat, however, in their cultural backgrounds. The Czechs because of their long life under Austrian rule have an air of the Teuton about them. The Slovaks, under the sway of Hungary for a thousand years are more unsophisticated than the Czechs. They possess one of the richest stores of folk lore in all the Slavic world. Their songs, sagas and extemporaneous poetry are of great antiquity



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and their embroideries and lace work have astonished the world with its richness and diversity. The Slovak is a devout Roman or Greek Catholic while the Czech is more practical and materialistic and never satisfied with any belief at all. The Czech has an inquiring and progressive mind and his art and literature can take their place among the most modern of forms.

The Czechs of this city are largely artisans and skilled workmen. They are prominent in the leather industry and in repairing musical instruments. They excel in the making of cigars and have a monopoly of the pearl button industry in this country as indeed they have in Europe. The professional men are mostly musicians—in the Symphony Orchestra, as teachers and conductors. They have a natural talent for the violin and it is an old familiar saying: Every Czech child is born with a violin in his hands.

To see Czechs and Slovaks at play it is best to attend the anniversary of the independence of Czechoslovakia, October 28th. All day and half the night you will listen to songs and speeches in the Czech tongue by the leaders of the colony and the Sokol choir, and will watch the men and women go through their calisthenics with astounding precision. Their singing is as rhythmic and precise as their gymnastic exercises and their national anthem "Kde Domov Muj," (Where is my Home), is one of the most moving and poignant of national hymns. The Slovaks have

their own national song, the stirring "Nad Tatrou," (Over Tatra Mountain) and the two are always sung at every gathering.

At the grand ball in the evening you will see the polka danced as you never have before. The men wear tight-fitting trousers and high boots, broad-brimmed hats with gay bunches of flowers. If they are Slovaks they will most likely have embroidery on their trousers and thick sheep-skin coats. The room is a dazzling whirl of color when they all go spinning around in a folk dance. The women's costumes are indescribable in their magnificence. The type of cap discloses the wearer's native village. The highlight of the evening is the Beseda, the national dance. An elaborate square dance, it contains many intricate and traditional figures. Long and formal, it is leavened somewhat by the general feeling of informality.

The Czech speech too, is as precise as the Sokol drill. It is the easiest of all the Slavic languages and is written in a system of simplified spelling. News of the Czech and Slovak colonies can be found in the Slav-American News. The medium of news for all the Slavic people in San Francisco, it is printed in English. The young are well taught in the languages of their fathers. There is a school conducted by the Sokol and also on the upper floor of the club building there is an excellent library of Czech books.

h ungary

NO OTHER racial group in San Francisco has contributed as much color in proportion to population as the Hungarians. The three thousand in San Francisco—five thousand in the Bay Region—have given us music and abundant romance. In mixing with these people you will hear little about Hungarians. They call themselves Magyars and prefer others to call them that. Hungarians are any native of Hungary, and might include Germans, Jews or Slavs.

The Magyars are a Turanian race allied to the Turks and Finns. Their home was in central Asia and the migration to their present home south of the Carpathians and along the shores of the Danube was achieved only a thousand years ago. In their early residence they lived in close proximity to the Turks and the Persians. Today there is a resemblance between Magyar and Persian poetry and painting. Deep in the recesses of their folk lore one finds evidence of their Asiatic origin. The word for deity in Persian is Iztan, in Magyar, Isten. In Persian art and architecture the horse is the predominating design. Among the

Magyars the horse is held in great esteem; it was once sacred to their ancient god, Hadur.

Magyars live everywhere in the City, although many are concentrated in the Mission district, and in Oakland in the Fruitvale section. Their homes are modern in style, no different from others on the exterior, but the genius of the Magyar women for color and arrangement, has transformed the interior. Love of comfort and good food is a characteristic of the Magyar people, and the life of the home centers in the kitchen. The women are the equals of their men. They rode with them side by side across Asia; they have worked side by side to build their country into one of the most modern and civilized in Europe. The Magyar woman is an excellent business woman and most of the businesses in which Magyars are engaged are controlled by the women of the family. There are many restaurants and delicatessen shops owned or managed by them as well as dress shops.

But it is not in their homes or places of business that one can see the Magyar at his best, but in his cafes or at his festivals. It



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is very unfortunate that there is no Magyar cafe here at this writing. We hope that in the near future San Francisco will number among her cosmopolitan eating places a true "czarda." There are, however, many celebrations during the year. The annual Hungarian Day; the dramatic presentations, usually folk plays in costume; the grape festival by the Oakland colony are all worth attending. All the individuality, the vividness of the Magyar is on display. The Magyar possesses a calm, dignified exterior which shields a burning volcano within. Passion is close to the surface and expresses itself in sudden bursts of fire and temperament. The Magyar is thorough in everything. He respects force and law. He works hard and lives hard. He loves tumultuously and hates intensely.

On the third Tuesday of each month the Magyars gather at Workers' Hall, 136 Valencia Street, for a general good time. On this evening the Hall is reminiscent of a Hungarian Inn. As you enter, the orchestra is playing a czardas, the National Dance, called so because it is danced at the inn, or czarda. The dance opens with a slow movement, the lassu, usually a violin solo and full of melancholy longing; followed by the frís, the dance proper, wild and passionate. The couples rise and facing one another, arms on shoulders, they perform their dance and sing and shout with pleasure. They rid themselves of pent-up emotions and free their starved passions. Beer, wine, delicious

coffee and rich nut cakes, or dios kalacs and apple strudel which the Hungarians call almas retes, are served in the tiny kitchen.

Hungarian Day, about the middle of October, is a program of speeches and music followed by dancing. In between good Hungarian food is served—goulash, noodle pudding, stuffed cabbage leaves. At these times as well as at the plays in the Fall and Spring, you might hear a real Gypsy orchestra. If it is a real Gypsy orchestra we shall say no more. Words cannot express the feeling created by the music of these bands. Usually of four pieces, violins, cello and cembalom. The latter instrument is a flat, table-like instrument, forerunner of the piano, its open strings beaten with two long hammers, like flexible wooden spoons. It was brought by the Magyars from their Asiatic home and bears a strong resemblance to certain instruments in use among the Turks and Armenians. It is particularly adapted to glissandos and arpeggiaturas and its fiery music will move you to the depths of your being.

There are three societies in San Francisco: the First Hungarian Society, the Magyar Singing Society and the Hungarian Cultural Alliance. There is also the Magyar Singing Society of Oakland. The Magyar Ujsag is a weekly newspaper, published at 518 Octavia Street, and is a good source of information about things Hungarian. There is a resident pastor for the Protestants who has charge of two missions, Oakland and San Francisco.

Yugoslavia

HAVE you ever danced a kolo, or witnessed the age old ceremony of a Slava day, or drunk slivovitz? If you have, you already know a good deal about the twenty thousand Yugoslavs about the Bay region. Yugo means South and the Yugoslavs are South Slavs. They are people formerly living in the old kingdom of Serbia or in former Austro-Hungarian provinces. They are the same race and speak practically the same language. The Serbs including the Bosnians, Montenegrins and the people from Herzegovina are members of the Serbian Orthodox Church, use the Cyrillic alphabet like the Russians and observe the Julian calendar as do also the Russians. The Croats, including the Slavonians and Dalmatians are Roman Catholics, use the Latin alphabet. The Slovenes are also Roman Catholics and their language is as similar to Serbo-Croatian as Danish is to Norwegian.

With this brief background we will start on our tour of Yugoslavia in San Francisco. There are three colonies in the city: the

old colony in the Hayes Valley which is the central Balkan colony. Here live the Serbs, Croats, along with some Macedonian Greeks, some Bulgarians and Roumanians and even a few Gypsies who may occasionally be seen walking through the streets in brilliant costumes, a flash of color in an otherwise drab section. There are many families of Serbs on Noe and Russian Hills and in North Beach are the Dalmatians who have intermarried a great deal with the Italians. The Slovenes are a distinct group living by themselves in the Potrero.

The Yugoslav colony is very old. The first to come here were Dalmatians who came in their own ships in the Gold Rush days. They were the first of their race to come to America. They were followed by Serbs and Montenegrins and the first Serbian society in America was founded here in 1856, the Serbian Benevolent Society. They are mostly business men and on the whole are a prosperous, well-ordered community. Their chief occupa-



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tion seems to be the restaurant business; over one hundred of them being in their hands. They own markets, men's furnishing stores and are tailors and longshoremen. Hundreds have settled in the Santa Clara Valley where they have acres and acres of cherry and apricot orchards and around Watsonville where they own huge apple orchards.

At the Serbian Hall, 225 Valencia Street, the various societies have their meeting rooms. Here the folk festivals, the children's parties and the concerts are held. If we were to enter, let us say when there is a celebration of Christmas or New Year's, which by the way, is thirteen days later than ours, we would see the kolo, the national dance. Kolo means circle or round, and that is just what it is, a round dance in which everyone joins hands and moves round and round following a leader who finally leads the dancers into intricate patterns. The steps are simple, in fact there are almost no steps at all. We find that every province, every occupation, has its own variation. It is a very elaborate and formal "follow the leader." The orchestra that plays for this dance is called the tambouritza. These instruments are like elongated mandolins but are in various sizes from small ones no bigger than a ukulele to those the size of a bass fiddle. They are all tuned differently but when played ensemble the effect is pleasing. Another important feast day is that of St. Sava, on the 27th of January. Special services are held in the

churches in memory of the educator saint, congratulations are exchanged, friends are visited and at Serbian Hall the children give an entertainment which is followed by a dance in the evening.

The biggest festival of the year for the Dalmatians is the feast of St. Vlaho, or Blaise. St. Vlaho is the patron saint of the lovely city of Dubrovnik on the Adriatic coast from which many of our friends in this city come. The feast day is February 3, but the celebration is given on the nearest Saturday or Sunday night at Eagle's Hall on Golden Gate Avenue. Two halls are used, the upper one for modern dancing and the basement for the old folk dances — polkas, kolos and the typical dance of Dubrovnik, the poskosnica. This is a fast, furious dance which is somewhat like a mixture of a Spanish jota with an English Morris dance. The lirica, a primitive three-stringed violin held upright in the lap, is the instrument which always accompanies this dance. You will see two or three Dalmatian costumes of linen vividly embroidered in reds, violets and yellows. Both the men and women wear hats shaped like pill-boxes. In the bar you will be served shivovitz, a strong rich wine made from prunes. Later in the evening there will be the number game which is native to Dubrovnik and is the original of all our bank nights and screens. The proceeds of this night go to charity, and so no good Yugoslav need be in want.

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The source of news for the colony is the Serbian Herald, or Jugoslavenski Glasnik, published in the Serbo-Croatian language in both alphabets, Cyrillic and Latin. The publishing house at 1020 Golden Gate Avenue is the information bureau for the visitors to the colony. The Roman Catholics have their church at 104 Fell Street, the Orthodox worship at the church of St. George, Oak and Ninth Streets, Oakland. At the newspaper office you may buy books and music in the native tongue and at 2950 16th Street, Mr. Sokach has a good selection of Yugoslav records for sale.

The Slovenes of the Potrero have their own center, Slovenian National Home, 2101 Mariposa Street. Here all the festivities take place for these people who do not mingle with the other Yugoslavs. The annual grape festival in the Fall of the year is worth attending if only to see the folk dancing which is more in the German style than the other Slavic dances; the costumes which are as brilliant with embroidery and lace as any in Central Europe, and also to hear Anna Fabian sing those naive, lilting folk songs.

The Yugoslavs here retain many of their ancient customs. The Slava, or feast of the name saint of the head of the house is still celebrated. It is a remnant of the days when the South Slavs had family gods. There is open house throughout the day and night and everyone is welcome, even strangers. The guest as he

enters the door asks, "Master of the house, art thou ready to receive guests?" To which the reply is, "Yes, such guests as thou." Then the friends embrace and the guest presents some fruit, usually an apple to the host and says, "May thy Slava be happy." The host replies, "And thy soul may it be happy before God."

A small earthenware vessel is filled with coal and incense is burned in it. Then it is carried from room to room and the lamp is lit before the ikon of the patron saint. Then there is feasting far into the night. Two special dishes are served the kolyivo in honor of the departed souls, made from boiled wheat with honey and nuts and the kolatch, a cake marked with a cross and the words—Jesus Christ, the Victor.

Many of the old burial customs once common to all primitive Europeans are still observed by the Yugoslavs. Before the body is placed in the coffin, a fire is kindled with gunpowder and sulphur in the box itself. The same is done in the grave before the body is lowered. As the coffin is placed in the grave, coins are thrown into the ground along with it. The coffin is interred in the Serbian Cemetery, just over the city line in Colma. The burial services of all Orthodox Serbs are held in the chapel, a perfect gem of Byzantine architecture. Serbs and Montenegrins have retained more of the old customs than any European peoples. Many of the most ordinary, routine events of life are ac-

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accompanied by a wealth of lore the roots of which can be found in the lives of the early Aryan inhabitants of Europe. They are worth a study if only to ascertain how our own ancestors once lived.

We do not want to leave you in the graveyard when you take

leave of these vital, tenacious people, so we suggest you visit one of the Potrero beer-gardens and drink slivovitz and eat sausages with the Slovenes, or enter one of the Slav restaurants on Fillmore Street and over a sandwich talk to the proprietor about his native town on the Dalmatian Riviera.

Greece

TEN THOUSAND Greeks have made an odyssey from Homer's wine dark sea to the city by the Golden Gate. Some of them come from Greece itself, some from Asia Minor or Constantinople, still others from the islands of Crete and Corfu. Many who are here are born in Greece of alien blood; Albanian, Bulgarian. Then there is the proud Macedonian, cradled in Greek civilization but of a rare mixture of bloods.

The bazaars of "Little Greece" are around Third and Folsom Streets. Here they transact their business, publish their newspapers in the classic script. It is a teeming section of stores, hotels, rooming houses, restaurants, patronized by the unmarried men of the colony. The families live about four or five blocks to the south, in the Potrero district and in the vicinity of Guerrero and Duboce Streets, in the shadow of the Cathedral.

The family men are small merchants and business men, owners of restaurants, fruit and confectionery stores, shoemakers and furriers. The single men are employees in the hotels and res-

taurants. Many of them are gamblers and the Number One gambler in the city is a Greek. As the work of the single men is of a cursory nature there are always plenty of them about at all times. They seem to spend a large part of their time in the coffee houses that abound in the neighborhood. These are all owned by Greeks but have a mixed clientele from the Near East and the Balkans. Any hour between eight in the morning and two the next, you will see them sitting over chess or dominoes; rolling the dice or maybe playing the intricate card games, scambili and prefa; reading a paper or just sitting. They are all enjoying themselves and they are all drinking coffee. And look closely. A couple of them are smoking narghiles, hookahs, waterpipes—three good names for the same queer thing. Try one yourself sometime. You rent it by the hour. You don't need matches, for a bit of burning charcoal keeps the tobacco leaves alight. It stands obligingly on the floor by your side with a long, flexible, brocaded stem tipped with brass out of which you puff and you

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blow—and it almost knocks you down. There is a technique to it all right, and you will envy the leisurely pleasure of the habitués . . . at least you can enjoy your coffee.

But it doesn't do just to say "a cup of coffee" to the plump, dark-eyed waitress. "How do you want it?" she asks. "Sweet boil or medium boil?" You decide on one of each and discover that the first is like an aromatic syrup, the second only mildly sweet. You can watch it being made. The coffee is finely ground. It is put together with teaspoons of sugar and water into a long-handled Turkish coffee pot. This is placed on a tray of sand over a fire. For the price of a coffee you can stay all night or all day.

Some free Saturday night, when you want to have an odd, amusing time, go to Beautiful Greece, the Odeon, the Minerva or the Constantinople—or more fun still, make the rounds. There is a constant coming and going, mostly of men. The Greek women stay at home. After a few glasses of mastika, that heady, colorless brandy which tastes of licorice, the men get very gay and do their own round of folk dances. Go yourself and see. Buy a cup of Turkish coffee and a cube of powdery locoum—Turkish delight to you. Buy a gardenia from the flower vendor—all the men do. Or prepare your thirst with the salty wares peddled by the old nut vendor—pistachios, chick-peas, pine-nuts. Then satisfy that thirst with a glass of mastika or the honey-hearted wine of Salonika.

If on this Saturday night you want to go Greek in a big way, have a native dinner first. There are over a hundred grills in San Francisco run by Greeks but they all cater to the American taste. However, the Minerva on Folsom Street and the Greek-American Educational Center, serve strictly Greek food. A delicious salad is made of mixed greens with fetta cheese, anchovies and crinkled Greek olives. You might want to try lamb stewed with okra, herbs and rice—or meat balls wrapped in grapevine leaves—and for a vegetable, small eggplants stuffed with celery and parsley. On Fridays, they serve kalamaria, which is ink-fish or squid, baked with spinach and onions. For a wine, order retsina and begin to acquire a taste for its resin flavor. The choice of desserts is wide: baklava, made of honey and almonds, oblongs of halva, thick sour milk, or preserves made of quince, wild cherries, mandarin oranges or rose leaves. And of course, the inevitable Turkish coffee. For local color, perhaps a strolling player who will sing a Greek song to the accompaniment of his guitar. The Minerva has a Russian orchestra, and a solo dancer. Both places are a combination club and coffee house—a meeting place for people from the four points of the compass.

The local stores of the colony have strange wares to sell. The most striking is something that looks like a bundle of old rags but is in reality a large, dried octopus. This is the traditional Lenten dish. There are barrels of goat and sheep milk cheese as

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well as jars of sheep milk butter which Greeks frequently use in their cooking instead of olive oil. Here you can buy the special coffee pots, ranging from the two cup up to the fourteen cup size, and the powdered Turkish coffee; honey from the slopes of Mount Olympus; all kinds of imported nuts and tins of delicacies canned in Greece. You can get cognac fifty years old, the fragrant wines and the strong mastika.

The most important Greek holiday is the double feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin and Greek Independence. They both fall on March 25. The churches are decorated with boughs of trees. The Bishop officiates and a tremendous choir sings. The services are very long but the church is crowded and everyone follows the service with religious attention. In the evening, a great ball is held in one of the auditoriums of the City. You may see a ballet on the theme of an ancient Greek myth and all the various folk dances. The round dances of the peasants and mountaineers are performed by half a hundred girls, gorgeous in their native dress. The long garments with flowing sleeves, and the graceful sleeveless coat are vividly embroidered. Each province has its own variation. There are the blue fringed aprons from Macedonia; the white dress with its orange and gold embroidered apron from Delphi; the rich, elaborate dress with tasseled cap from the Peleponnessus; the hooded headdress from Attica; and the helmets from Gida, supposed to have been designed by

Alexander the Great. But the most impressive sight of all is the guard of honor. The men of the Ahepa Society, once a year, don the fustanella, a short white skirt, starched and jaunty, with an elegant jacket. This is the resplendent uniform worn by the Royal Guard in Greece today.

The other great holiday is Good Friday. When darkness descends upon the city the Greeks enact in dramatic pageantry the death of the Saviour. An impressive procession wends its way through the street in the neighborhood of the Church at Seventh and Harrison Streets. The priest leads the cortege of hundreds of parishioners bearing candles and censers. Strong men carry the bier covered with flowers, and the Epiphany, or symbol of Christ's body. Midnight Mass follows, celebrated with Oriental splendor. The worshipper carries his candle through the whole service and on to his home, still lighted. The South of Market Street region is an astonishing sight in the early hours of Holy Saturday morn with people walking through the streets, carrying their lighted candles shielded from the wind.

Many times during the year, clubs such as the Ahepa Society, the Gapa Society, the Acadians of California, the League of Cretans, the Pythagora Society, have gala nights when native dances are performed and colorful costumes worn. The newspapers—California, on Third Street, and Prometheus, on Folsom Street, carry announcements of these occasions. Unfortun-

Greece

ately for the average explorer they are written in Greek, but at either of these offices you will be informed of these doings.

An organization that should be emulated by other foreign-born groups is that of the Greek-American Educational Center at 145 Turk Street. This organization maintains meeting rooms and an excellent library of Greek and English books with a comfortable reading-room where all the Greek and American newspapers are on file. The place is usually full of men reading and discussing affairs. Greece always has had great politicians and in the days of its glory when the country was sanely and brilliantly governed the populace were wont to gather in the Forum to air their grievances and propound their views before all the citizens. Today the Greeks of San Francisco gather in these club rooms to argue and discuss their problems at a weekly open forum. The Center includes groups that study dramatics and citizenship, listen to frequent lectures on politics, philosophy and sociology. The public is invited to attend these open for-

ums and discussions and they will be well worth your while as they are usually in English.

There are three Greek churches in the Bay region—the Holy Trinity on Seventh Street, the Cathedral of the Annunciation on Valencia Street, and the Church at Brush and Tenth Streets, Oakland. The Cathedral was formerly the Valencia Theatre, but its interior has been so changed that it would not be recognized. The altar, as in all Eastern churches is hidden by the iconostasion. Here are the icons, saints painted with Byzantine splendor. Above the iconostasion is the “Eye of God” which watches over you all your life.

All of these churches have schools to which in the afternoon, when the public school is over, the children come to learn their religion, the Greek language and history. This is their birth-right. There is hardly a Greek, young or old, who has not followed Ulysses to the Trojan war, wept at the death of Hector or shivered at the vengeance of the Furies.

Syria

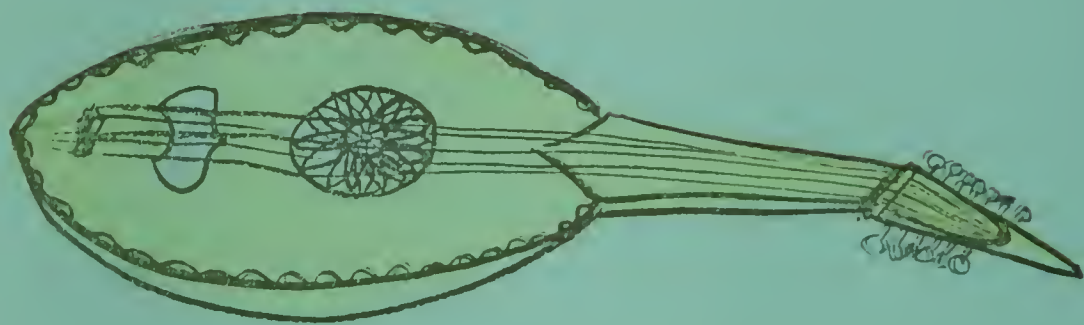
ONE OF the chief attractions of the Midwinter Fair of 1894 was the Arabian Village on the Midway. The citizenry drawn by tales of "kootch" dancers remembered Chicago's "Little Egypt," crowded the concession to see and be convinced. The musicians of the Village charmed by the friendliness of the people and delighted by the mild climate, remained in our city, sent for their relatives and friends and thus the Syrian colony began. Before the fire the colony was centered at Fourth and Folsom Streets, where the Syrians had their own shops and cafes. The fire scattered them to all parts of the city where they have remained. These folks were Maronites from the hills of Lebanon and the district around Beirut. They were and still are peddlers and small traders, chiefly in laces and religious articles.

The Syrian population of the Bay region numbers about 1500 and the original Maronites have been joined by Syrians from other parts of the Arabian peninsula: Syrian Orthodox, Jews and Druses. The larger part of the Syrian population is Semitic in

race and Arabic in language and culture. The Phoenicians were the first great power to arise in Syria nearly five thousand years ago and since then the country has been a region of great developments. The country was part of the great empires of Assyria, Babylonia and Persia. Alexander the Great invaded it and Rome and Byzantium ruled it.

The country gave birth to Judaism, Christianity, Islamism. In the seventh century the Arabs overran the country and since then it has retained its Arabian civilization. Turkish misrule forced thousands to emigrate to the United States, Mexico and Brazil.

With this brief resume of their background we will pay a visit to Syria in San Francisco. We can start right down town and visit one of the lace stores. Nearly all the lace and linen stores are Syrian-owned. They have a monopoly on that business in the United States. There are also several religious goods stores selling sacred pictures and statues, rosaries and vestments.



Syria

One of these shops is owned by the Zachariah family, who have been dealers in religious articles for centuries and claim descent from Zachariah of Biblical fame. The shop, on Mission Street near Twenty-third Street has a small collection of Arabic phonograph records for sale. If you have time drop in and Mr. Zachariah will play for you recordings of native instruments from Arabia and the Hedjaz.

You perhaps wish to see what these instruments look like? Then gather your friends together and hie off to Third and Folsom Streets some evening after nine o'clock and enter one of the coffee houses that have entertainment. Since the clientele of these cafes comes from every corner of the Near East, Greece and the Balkans, there is entertainment to suit the men from each land, each province. You will see the *oude*; the clarinet that sounds like the pipes of Pan; and the *santouri*, the Eastern form of the dulcimer. It is strange dissonant music in the Doric scale—wild and beautiful; gay to the point of madness or melancholy as the grave. There might be a dancer sitting there strumming her *tambourine*. When she arises she will break into an amazing dance with intricate whirlings and click of brass castanets. The dance may be Greek, Turkish or Arabic but the pattern is the same. A curious combination of steps broken by declamation and formal gestures. The dancers move their heads with short, sharp movements like marionettes while each single part of the

rest of their bodies seems to move in a different direction. The ensemble is highly stylized—or highly suggestive, but their kinaesthetic control is marvelous to behold. When the coffee house is crowded the orchestra gets excited and breaks into song. You must see it yourself, it is indescribable.

You may have the thick, sweet Turkish coffee but if you wish to eat you must go to a restaurant. Their food is so much like other Near Eastern food that Syrians patronize the Armenian and Greek places. A favorite dish is *kipiy*, minced meat mixed with crushed wheat, fried and then baked. Cabbage leaves, stuffed with meat and rice and lentils and yoghurt, *acidophilus* milk are national dishes and may be sampled at the Cairo on Fourth Street and at the Nile on Turk Street.

The Maronites are members of the Roman Catholic church and usually attend churches of that faith; the Syrian Orthodox have a church of their own at Green and Gough Streets. Here amid all the splendor of the Byzantine rite, the liturgy is chanted every Sunday at eleven in the Arabic tongue. The Jews worship at the synagogue for Oriental Jews, 321 Fourth Avenue. The Oriental Jews have kept their blood relatively pure. They are direct descendants of the Jewish people of Biblical days, have many archaic customs and are the most orthodox of all the Jewish groups. Many are known as *Spaniols*, whose ancestors fled from inquisitorial Spain to the more tolerant Mohammedan

Syria

countries. Attendance at their synagogue is an enriching experience as the services have gone unchanged down through the ages.

There are three Syrian societies: the Syrian Civic League, the Ladies Syrian Society, and the Knights of Lebanon. Syrians in San Francisco are practically all business men; prosperous and conservative. Their homes are furnished in the prevailing

American style and they frequently take part in the broader social and political scene. But they find it difficult to abandon entirely their habits and customs. Their moral code, their wedding and burial rites, their proverbs and their food is even now as it was in the days when Jesus and the Disciples walked the earth.



Malta

THE MALTESE of San Francisco live in the Bay View district and in Visitacion Valley. Here they have gathered in a compact group, sufficient unto themselves. Like all island peoples they are insular and clannish and live quietly mingling not with their neighbors and marrying outside the group but rarely.

The Maltese here come almost entirely from one town—Musta, in the island's center. This town is famous for the church of St. Paul, the dome of which is considered the third largest in Christendom. St. Paul is the presiding spirit of the Maltese. He is the patron saint of the island and at St. Paul's Bay the great evangelist was shipwrecked on his way from Caesarea to Rome in A.D. 58.

The church is ever present in Maltese life, accompanying the Maltese from his birth to his death. They have an intensely personal conception of the Deity which makes them find the Will of God in every act of their daily lives. On a festal day the churches are embellished with green leaves and flowers and curtains of red damask upon the walls. Everyone is a member of some one of the many guilds and confraternities which meet for

prayer, to perform acts of charity or to assist in the annual procession in honor of the Corpus Christi. This religious life centers around the church at 1509 Oakdale Avenue which is dedicated to the Shipwreck of St. Paul.

On the afternoon of Corpus Christi Day, the Sunday after Trinity, nine weeks after Easter, the procession wends its way through the streets of the colony. All the church societies march accompanied by the Maltese Band and joined by Italians from the nearby colony. Each society has its banner and the houses along the way are gay with American, Italian, Maltese and Papal flags. The Sacred Host is accompanied by a guard of honor and is preceded by rows of little girls in white scattering rose petals. The march ends at the church and Benediction is given on the church steps.

On the other great days, especially the feast of St. Paul, there is feasting and merrymaking after the High Mass. The Maltese Club, 1789 Oakdale Avenue, is the social center of the colony. There are frequent evenings of song and dance here, but alas, the old costumes are no longer worn. The club has its own band

Malta

which plays for every occasion whether it be solemn procession or festive ball. The music is distinctly Eastern with its mournful tune and graceful cadenzas. Also there is the Maltese Soccer Club, a member of the San Francisco Soccer League.

There are no Maltese restaurants, perhaps because their food is similar to that of Italy. Pasta, olive oil, goat's milk cheese are the staple dishes and curries and rice dishes are the specialties. The Maltese Journal published in New York circulates widely in the colony.

The Maltese are a race of complex Mediterranean blood. They have a fixed tradition that they are of Phoenician origin and that their ruins of ancient sanctuaries are Phoenician, although it is well known that they are much older. The Phoenicians, Semites from the Eastern Mediterranean shores found the country inhabited when they landed there. The aborigines probably were Hittites who had wandered from their original home in Syria, through North Africa and thence to Malta. There is a legend current in Tunis that the Maltese are from that place and this theory would account for the use of the pure Maltese dialect in certain places in North Africa.

For hundreds of years Malta was part of the Arab world and the Arabian settlers intermarried with the earlier inhabitants. Other races have contributed their blood strains to the population of the little island, but the Semitic blood has asserted itself

throughout the centuries. Their language is Arabic and Arabic of a very ancient kind. Their customs and folk beliefs are most certainly of Near Eastern origin. Most Maltese speak also fluent Italian and English. Since 1817 Malta has been a colony of Great Britain and Maltese who emigrate, go to the British colonies. Few have come to the States; there are only two colonies in this country — Detroit and San Francisco.

Immigration to San Francisco started about 1905. Now there are about two hundred families. The average Maltese family is very large, ten or twelve children are not at all unusual. The Maltese here work in the stockyards and the sugar refineries. Many are small shopkeepers and they are famous as mechanics, no less a person than Henry Ford has praised them for their ability with tools. They have a love of dreamy ease, are excellent orators and mathematicians, and are great traders, known all over the Mediterranean as prosperous merchants.

The Maltese are unique as immigrants, as they arrived in the United States with considerable money. This is due to the Pappaf Foundation, supported by the fortune left it by a wealthy Maltese who thus hoped to relieve the overcrowded condition of the Island. Any deserving man who wishes to emigrate may borrow from the Foundation his travelling expenses and the capital to start life in a new world. Some of the Maltese have arrived in this country with as much as ten thousand dollars.



Italy

IN SAN FRANCISCO, you can walk from China to Italy! Continue along Grant Avenue across Broadway and you suddenly will come into the center of "Little Italy." Within a block the sights, sounds and smells change entirely. Shop windows displaying olive oil and pasta replace shop windows displaying brocades and jade. The odor of wine replaces that of incense.

The street is lined with barbers and grocers, restaurants and cheese wholesalers; with bakeries and macaroni factories in deep, cool cellar stores. It is a gusty neighborhood with cries in open-mouthed Latin dialects; with music, music everywhere; from radio, phonograph, piano; from mandolins and guitars played on warm nights on the sidewalks and from amateur opera singers continually practising their scales.

There have been Italians in the city since the early days, but the great wave of peasant immigration did not begin until the '80's. They have always lived in North Beach. When one generation became prosperous and moved away their places were

taken by others direct from Italy. All of North Beach north of Broadway and east of Stockton Street and the greater part of Telegraph Hill is the chief Italian quarter of the city now.

Along Grant Avenue, Stockton Street and Columbus Avenue are groceries, with boxes of finocchi, broccoli, zucchini; tins of antipasto, of saffron, of tomato paste; cheese shops with miniature sacks of goat's milk cheese; hard, round Pecorino; grated Parmesano; full-bodied Gorgonzola and Bel Paese. Shops with the most delectable pastries, cookies and cakes of almonds, pecans, cocoanuts, raisins. The bakeries have bread of several shapes; long and narrow, round and tall, round and flat, and both sweet and sour. In the bookstores there are translations of American "dime novels" and sentimental love stories side by side with Dante, Manzoni and D'Annunzio; gaudily painted greeting cards, lithographs of Vesuvius and the Grand Canal, and the ubiquitous photos of Mussolini.

Washington Square is the heart of "Little Italy." Around it

Italy

revolves the life of the largest Italian colony west of Chicago. Facing the square or within a stone's throw are the chief shops, banks, restaurants and newspapers of the colony. On its benches old men sit day after day arguing in all the dialects of Italy and revealing their province or town by a certain intonation, a certain gesture. Its weeping willows have sheltered three generations of Italian children at play. On the eastern side is the building of the Italian Athletic Club, one of the most influential societies. On the north side is the monumental church of Sts. Peter and Paul, the Italian national church, in charge of the Salesians from Turin noted for their social and educational work among boys and young men.

This church is a lively center of spiritual life. Weddings and christenings are plentiful and always colorful. Within are pictures and statues of the patron saints of Italian villages that have sent large numbers of immigrants to our shores—Madonna del Carmine, Madonna of Pompeii, Santa Rosalia, patroness of Palermo, whence come most of our fishermen; San Rocco, the very popular saint who is protector from epidemics and the well-beloved San Antonio.

Around the corner on Stockton Street is Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association, the best known and best equipped settlement house in the city, with a playground, a clinic, various clubs and a general programme of games and night classes.

On the other side of the square on Green Street is another social center, Fugazi Hall. Founded by a wealthy banker, it contains an auditorium used occasionally for an Italian play or a motion picture, and the class rooms of the Italian School where the younger generation are taught the Italian tongue, Italian history and literature and are given a thorough grounding in Italian culture.

The square is the scene of many fiestas, the greatest of which is Columbus Day. An altar is erected on the steps of the church and Mass is said after the parade which ends at the square and the paraders in splendid uniforms and flashy costumes mix with the populace and fill the square to overflowing.

Further to the north at the foot of Taylor Street is Fisherman's Wharf, one of the most famous tourist attractions of the city. The fishing fleet is berthed here and every morning the swarthy owners can be seen cleaning decks, mending nets, or loafing in the sun. If your ears are sharp you may catch the mournful notes of an old Sicilian folk song or a passionate Neapolitan air. Tied up at the wharf are the small launches that fish for crabs or shrimps off the shore of Sausalito, the larger boats that fish off-shore for sea bass or sanddabs and the purse-seiners that catch the sardines. The largest boats are the tuna ships which make long cruises into tropical waters. The fishermen are almost entirely Sicilian who do not mingle with the other Italians.

Italy

Along the street are the fat-bellied stoves each with its cauldron of boiling water. When you order a crab or shrimp cocktail the fish is dropped into the water and cooked before your very eyes. In the little cafes you will be served with prawns, sole or abalone; or maybe a pompano or a squid. On Fridays the specialty is cioppino, a dish of mixed shell-fish, native to Venice and the Dalmatian coast.

Speaking of food there are over a hundred Italian restaurants in the city. Some, like the Fior d'Italia, Coppa's, or Lucca's are world-famous, but we prefer the smaller places, patronized by the natives themselves, where the lesser-known regional dishes are served. Places like the Buon Gusto, the Savoia, the Tower of Pisa and Louis' which serve polenta, the corn meal mush of Italy, veal scaloppini and risotto. Places like Lupo's which specializes in the dish of Naples, the pizza which is a glorified pancake made with cheese, tomatoes and anchovies. Of course every restaurant serves the pasta which no Italian could do without. Spaghetti and macaroni are only two of nearly fifty varieties, among which we can recognize tagliarini, lasagne and gnocchi. There are as many ways of serving pasta as there are districts in Italy and every restaurant specializes in some one of them.

Few realize what a significant element in the population of the State the Italians are. They have developed the wine industry

from its inception until it has become one of the State's leading industries. California wines grown, bottled and shipped by Italians are sent to all parts of the world. The fishing industry and the wholesale produce trade are in their hands. They are a power in finance and politics. Their influence transcends even State boundaries. Three young men born in the State of Italian parentage have taken the baseball world by storm. One of the country's leading bankers is a San Francisco Italian. They are prominent in the arts and sciences. In San Francisco they are found in every profession, every trade, every line of work from opera impresario to garbage collector. Some trades are peculiarly Italian—accordion making and repairing, macaroni manufacturing, tile and terrazzo work, graveyard sculpture. They own orchards in Santa Clara county, vineyards in Mendocino and Napa counties. Unlike the Italian of the East Coast who is only just now beginning to feel his power, the Italian of San Francisco has been a vital influence in the State for over fifty years.

All during your visit to Italy in San Francisco you will hear music—folk songs, canzonettas, grand opera. Each province has its characteristic songs in the local dialect. At some of the informal evenings at the clubs or at a wedding you might hear these songs accompanied by the rustic instruments—the syringhe of Lombardy, descended unchanged from the shepherds

Italy

of Roman times; the tambourine, streaming with ribbons; the ocarina or musical sweet potato and perhaps, more rarely, the hand-organ or the Calabrian bagpipe. You might also see the vivacious tarantella, typical dance of Naples or the older folk dances; the furlana, a dance with many elaborate figures from the north of Italy and the saltarello, a lively step dance similar to the Irish jig.

As with many another immigrant group the Italian tends to mingle with the people from his own town or province. Dialectal differences have much to do with that practice as the various local forms of speech are unintelligible to those from other parts of Italy. The majority of the Italians here are from the north of Italy, except the large group of Sicilian fishermen who are a separate, interrelated group, a colony within a colony. The number of residents from some of the provinces is so large that they have formed influential societies, as for example —La Veneta, the Ligurian Club, the Marche Club and the Piemonte Social Club. Attempts have been made to weld all Italians in America into one organization which have resulted in such nationwide movements as the Order of the Sons of Italy and the Italian Catholic Federation. The Garibaldi Post of the American Legion, the Italian Legion, veterans of the Italian army, Garibaldina and the Compagnia Reali Carabinieri are all semi-military in character. There are unions composed en-

tirely of Italians — the fishermen, the paste makers, the scavengers. Other large groups are the Italian Benevolent Society, Italian Athletic Club, Italian Colony Club. The Italian Chamber of Commerce, 604 Montgomery Street is both an organization of Italian merchants and a reliable information bureau of the Italian colony.

For his news the Italian has a choice of two dailies and two weeklies. The dailies, *La Voce del Popolo* and *L'Italia* are well-edited and have excellent music and art columns. The former, founded in 1857 is the oldest Italian newspaper in the United States. The weeklies are *L'Unione*, the organ of the Catholics and *Il Corriere del Popolo*, liberal and anti-fascist.

It is not correct to speak of North Beach as the only Italian quarter of the city. Over 50,000 Italians could not, no matter how densely packed they might be, crowd into that small section. It should be called the "Big Italy." There is a large and prosperous colony of Piemontese and Tuscans in the Marina. All through the Excelsior district and Bernal Heights are thousands of families and there is a distinct colony of Neapolitans and Calabrians clustering about their church at Folsom Street and Precita Avenue. Along the San Bruno road through Burlingame to San Mateo are the truck-gardeners and flower-growers. South San Francisco and Colma are practically Italian towns. These are the "Little Italies," but the old colony is the central

Italy

body, the commercial and cultural center for all Italians, not alone for San Francisco, but for all the West coast.

Italians are emotional, imaginative, quick-witted and industrious. They have great physical vigor and are the hardest and best laborers America has ever had. They are inclined to be hot-blooded and quick to avenge a wrong but they are on the whole good-natured, kindly and severely logical.

It might seem to the casual observer that Italians in becoming quickly Americanized have lost a good deal of their native customs and manners. While it is true that in San Francisco there are no pushcart markets or outdoor processions in honor of the patron saints, there are still hundreds of families who carry out the old ceremonies and observe the traditional festivals. Boys play "la morra," betting on the number of fingers open on a

suddenly revealed hand; the girls play "lunga tela" an ancient ring game; the older men play "boccie" a kind of bowls and "pallona," which is nothing more than cheese-rolling, a particular favorite with the Tuscans, as their native cheese, the pecorino, is perfectly suited for that sport. It is still the custom to taste the new wine on St. Martin's Day, November 11, and the "Befana," that little old lady, the Italian counterpart of Santa Claus still comes to good children on Epiphany Eve.

The Italians feel at home in this city. The climate is much like that which they left behind, there are homes on hill-tops with the wine-press in the basement, salad greens in the yard and the grape arbor over the door and with a view that is the equal of that from the hilltop at Amalfi or from the wooded slopes of the Appennines.

Switzerland

WHEN SWITZERLAND is mentioned one thinks of mountains and watches, of yodeling and of cheeses. These distinctive aspects of Swiss life are found here in California and that is why the Swiss feel at home here, in fact they call this state the "second Switzerland."

The Swiss are three nations in one: French, German and Italian are the cultural and linguistic backgrounds of the people. In addition, the people of one canton speak Romansch, a modernized version of the vulgar Latin, mixed with ancient Gaelic words. Nearly every Swiss knows one other language besides his own; they are thus true internationalists. Because of this fact and because they feel so much at home in California they do not settle in colonies. The German-Swiss live among the German speaking peoples in the Mission, the Italians and French Swiss are found in North Beach and the Marina. Only the transients congregate when they visit San Francisco. There are many Swiss farmers in the State—vineyardists in Sonoma and Napa coun-

ties, dairy farmers in Marin and Humboldt and orchardists in San Luis Obispo (Cayucas near San Luis Obispo is a Swiss town). These country people come to town often on business and to visit friends. They stop at the Swiss hotels down-town on California, Sacramento and Clay Streets near Kearny Street. In this neighborhood and in North Beach are the Swiss restaurants. Swiss food varies and is influenced by the food of the neighboring peoples. In the Swiss-American Cafe on Broadway and the San Gottardo on Columbus Avenue the food is Italian with all the dishes typical of North Italy: Scollapini, risotto and various pastas. At the Hotel des Alpes the cooking takes on a French tinge, especially in consommés and salads and at the William Tell House the food is distinctly German.

For the real atmosphere of an old German beer garden, the William Tell stands alone in San Francisco. This combination bar, restaurant and dance hall on Clay Street near Montgomery has an orchestra that plays on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sun-

Switzerland

days. Hardy mountaineers with a plentiful sprinkling of artists and writers from the near-by Latin quarter dance with much stamping and shouting the polka and schottische and a furious waltz that is an endurance test and leaves you sweating and breathless. Some of the specialties of the house are: schweizer bratwurst with sauerkraut, meat balls with red cabbage, liverwurst, Swiss cheese, and with your coffee, real Swiss kirsch. The clientele is a lusty peasant one that eats, drinks and dances heartily. German, French and Italian in their purity and in various dialects are murmured, shouted and sung at you from all directions.

The Swiss hero is William Tell and as everyone knows the story of his extraordinary feat with the bow and arrow we will not go into detail here. His skill at archery is possessed by many Swiss and they have, in many cases, set up targets in their yards and practice in their spare hours. There is a Swiss club house in chalet style up on the Tamalpais Pipeline where there is an archery range. Shooting, in fact, seems to be the favorite sport whether it be bow and arrow or the more usual rifle. Nearly every Swiss can shoot and there are two clubs of shooting enthusiasts; the Swiss Rifle Club and the Swiss Sharpshooters. There is a shooting gallery in the German House and semi-monthly competitions at Schuetzen Park. Bowling and jassing are the other favorite sports. The latter is not what it sounds

like. It is merely a card game somewhat like whist and there is a club of devotees of the game.

The Swiss are a gregarious people and have organized a great number of clubs, mostly on linguistic lines. The German-Swiss being in the majority have the largest number of organizations, the most important are the Gruetli Verein, the Schweizer Turn Verein, Helvetia Verein, Alpenroesli, Swiss Club Tell. This latter club fosters the native dances, music and the peculiar Swiss-German dialect. The Club Suisse Romand and the Ticino Social Club are French and Italian respectively. The Swiss Relief Society and the Swiss Benevolent Society and the Swiss Society of San Francisco are all for Swiss people.

The Swiss Society organizes each year on the first of August a picnic which celebrates the national holiday. Held usually at California Park at San Rafael it recreates much of the Swiss atmosphere. Swiss come from all over the State and the old costumes are brought, dragged out from trunks and closets in attics. They love the old costumes but wear them only on great occasions. The men wear the national costume similar to that worn by the Tyroleans in Austria: short leather breeches, woolen stockings, gay suspenders and jaunty hats. No mode of civilized dress, we believe, is more suited to show the beauty of the male physique than that worn by the Swiss and Tyrolean men. The costumes of the women differ from canton to canton. Here

Switzerland

in the far west the many variations in dress may not be carried out, the usual peasant style of short, full skirt with laced bodice and gay apron being the accepted costume. However, in the matter of head pieces the individuality of the Swiss woman and her skill at needlework are displayed. You may see the fan-shaped hat embroidered in gold or silver thread which is worn by the ladies from St. Schwyz, and the black lace hat from Thurgau. The girls from Ticino will have a coronet worn with an elaborate coiffure, and there will be the silk bonnets from Zurich and the lacy what-nots from the French-speaking cantons.

You will get a good deal of fun out of the dances; they are vigorous as befits a sturdy mountain race. The Alpenroesli will sing and then will come the yodels—clear, bell-like tones which echo over the whole valley. Long after you have left and have returned to the city they will keep on ringing in your ears. These

yodelers are worth going miles to hear. We know of nothing so typical of the Swiss, of those simple, unaffected, bucolic people as those resonant sounds reverberating through the hills.

The two leading Swiss language groups each have a paper: the Germans, the *Schweizer Journal*; the Italians, the *Colonia Svizzera*.

There are nearly six thousand Swiss in San Francisco and perhaps twenty thousand in the State. One of the best known of the old settlers of the State was John Sutter who came from Switzerland. The Italian-Swiss Colony at Asti is known to all wine-bibbers everywhere.

Before we leave the Swiss people we must tell you not to miss the annual play of the Swiss Club Tell or the concert of the Alpenroesli. Records of native Swiss music are carried in stock by A. Bremner at 538 Hayes Street.

WILLIAM TELL
HOTEL





Germany

THE OLD GERMANY, land of scientific research, methodical craftsmen, good music and good living is here around us in San Francisco if we only choose to look. Take music, for example, San Francisco would not be the musical city it is were it not for the German gesangvereine and liedertafeln. There are hundreds of German musicians in the city—members of the Symphony Orchestra, music teachers, and makers and repairers of musical instruments. The German churches have the best choirs in the city and there are over two dozen German singing societies. If you are in the vicinity of Polk and Turk Streets some night, listen, and no doubt you will hear the strong and beautiful singing as it floats through open windows, and on a Saturday or Sunday most likely there will be a performance in California Hall—a Viennese operetta or a folk play with music.

California Hall—or as the Germans call it, Deutsches Haus, is the center of the German colony. Over one hundred societies meet there, theatricals and balls are given in the auditorium and

the German School meets there every Saturday morning. The Haus is in the German Renaissance style, suggestive of Heidelberg Castle.

It is not necessary to repeat here the prominence of the German people in American life. Everyone knows, or should know, that they had no small part in the building of this country. Their contributions to the musical life of this city are only one of their achievements. They have given us doctors, lawyers, scientists, teachers. They have been prominent in the construction of street railways and bridges, in large scale merchandising, in the printing and publishing business, especially lithography.

The first Germans arrived in this country on the Concord in October, 1683. That day has since been commemorated by German-Americans as the beginning of their history in America. Every year on the first week-end in October the German colony celebrates with speech and song their coming. The Concord is the German Mayflower and the descendants of its passengers

Germany

are the First Families of the German-Americans. A third of the names of the pioneer settlers of California are German. The German newspaper, first published in 1853, is the oldest German language paper in the West. The first church, St. Mark's Lutheran was founded in 1856. The number of immigrants has steadily grown until now there are about fifty thousand in the city who are of German blood. If we include all German-speaking peoples from outside the Reich—from Alsace, Switzerland, Russia, Hungary and the Baltic States, there are in the Bay region over a hundred thousand people of German speech.

The old German quarter was south of Geary Street from Hyde Street to beyond Van Ness Avenue. The clubs, churches and shops were there, but in the fire of 1906 most of the quarter was destroyed. The fire did not, however, burn beyond Van Ness Avenue and a remnant of the once populous colony remains in such landmarks as St. Mark's Lutheran church on O'Farrell Street and St. Paul's Lutheran at Eddy and Gough Streets. The old Catholic church has been rebuilt—St. Boniface's on Golden Gate Avenue between Jones and Leavenworth Streets. Many German families still live around Jefferson Square and to these old churches German families still come from all parts of the city.

There are today two centers of German population. The older neighborhood is in the Mission district below Twenty-second

Street with offshoots in the Potrero and Bay View districts. Many of the Catholic families from South Germany live here and there is a large group of Austrians and Swiss. St. Anthony's Catholic church at Army and Folsom Streets and St. John's Lutheran on Van Ness Avenue South, have large congregations, and along Mission Street and Twenty-fourth Street are little shops selling German papers and magazines, bakeries and delicatessens stocked with frankfurters and liverwurst, pickled pigs' feet and sauerkraut; Edam and Limburger cheese, chocolates from Switzerland and Holland, bottles of raspberry cordial and imported beer from Bavaria and wine from the Rhineland. There are dark bierstube where old men spend the better part of an evening over their beer and a pipe while reminiscing about the old days in Hanover or Stuttgart. There are blocks of old houses built by German settlers that are still as they were a generation ago and are still inhabited by members of the same family. In a city of constant change and flux the Germans are a stabilizing element. They remain where they always have been, their sons carry on the father's trade and the families cling to the old ways and the old habits.

A larger but newer quarter radiates from Buena Vista Hill north and west into the Panhandle and the Western Addition. As neighbors they have many families from near-by countries—Holland, Belgium and Denmark. The leading churches of this

Germany

neighborhood are St. Matthew's Lutheran, Sixteenth and Dolores Streets, Bethel Evangelical, Fifteenth and Church and the Methodist Church on Page Street. Up on the hill itself are two German hospitals—Franklin Hospital conducted by the German Beneficial Union and St. Joseph's in charge of the German Franciscan Sisters.

Every German belongs to a club. No matter what his interests or trade or profession there is a group of people who believe as he does or who work in the same manner. Some societies unite all groups: the Germania Club, the United German Societies and the Steuben Society. There are groups of German butchers and bakers, brewers and cabinet makers. As with all other immigrant groups the provincial societies are important. The Bayern Bund, the Schleswig-Holsteiner Verein, the Schwaben Verein, the Hessen Verein foster the parochial dialect, the observance of the local holiday and nurture the friendships born in the streets and schools of the native village. The most typical German organizations are the singing societies and the turnvereins. The latter are gymnastic associations and are essential to every German community. Unique is the Tourist Verein copied after the Wandervögel, a youth movement that originated in Germany and spread over Europe in the form of the Youth Hostel idea. Its primary purpose is that of a hiking club, but behind this purpose is a deeper one. Young people are en-

couraged to exchange opinions, to work co-operatively, to preach peace and the brotherhood of man. They have a club house in the high Sierras where they hike on week-ends, cooking their own meals, singing and discussing the problems that weigh so heavily on their young minds.

It is natural that with such a plethora of societies that social life would be gay and busy. Most of these societies have their own balls, card games or concerts. In the winter there is some sort of a social gathering every Saturday night and in the summer there are frequent picnics. The best time to see the Germans is at one of their folk festivals. There are several of these during the year, given by the provincial societies. The Austrians have their grape festival in September; the Bavarians their beer festival in October, the Oktoberfest.

The best of these is the Cannstatter Volksfest, given by the Schwaben Verein every fall. It is a true peasant harvest festival, featuring a peasant wedding, a procession of farmers with scythes and sheaves of wheat, and speeches and songs in the humorous Swabian dialect. Later an amusing feature of South German country life will be presented—the Rooster Dance. A glass of water is set upon a high pole. The trick is to lift your partner high in the air while dancing. If she bumps the top of the pole and knocks off the glass you win the rooster.

At gatherings such as these, the intimate, informal ones, you

Germany

will see the native dances of the country people. Bavarians dance the Schuplatteltanz, a man's dance, with wild springs and cries, and pats on shoes and leather breeches. The western Germans love their Rheinländer, the Hessians dance interminably their round dances and the Austrians become intoxicated with their own Viennese waltzes. In the spring are the masked balls, derived from the Faschings, the pre-Lenten carnivals of the Catholic provinces.

These are hearty dances and if you wish to join them you will have to be well fortified. We suggest dinner at one of the German restaurants. Although there are dozens of little bakeries in German neighborhoods that serve dinners it would be best to go to a place where the food partakes of a distinctly national flavor. It is heavy food, abounding in such dishes as roast pork, chicken paprika, hasenpfeffer, Wiener schnitzel, a dozen varieties of sausages, potato pancakes. There will be plenty of cool, frothy beer, both domestic and imported. Schroeder's on Front Street is a dignified, masculine place patronized by business and scientific men. The Three Musketeers at Turk and Hyde Streets is gayer and more intimate and is a favorite rendezvous of the Austrians. The Palm Garden on Market Street is a cafeteria, the hangout of a musical and sporting crowd.

The cliinax of the year for Germans is Christmas. It is the most typically Teutonic of all the festivals. The celebration of

Christmas was introduced into this country by the German settlers and the Christmas Tree, Santa Claus and the full stocking on Christmas morn are the German contributions to our folk life.

Germans here celebrate the season with mirth and zest. The pupils of the German school hold their annual exhibition at this time. There is an abundance of Christmas Tree parties and dramatizations of old fairy tales. Families gather around the Tree and sing the old carols. The delicatessen and pork stores on Mission and Fillmore Streets are gay with goose and hams, hanging high and trimmed with red ribbons; with marzipan from Lubeck, in the shape of pigs, dogs or fruits; with liebkuchen, the special cookies in the shape of Santa Claus or dwarfs; with stollen, coffee cake and strudel of apples or cherries. Many thousands of our German-Americans retain memories of their old homes and the Christmas festivities, their only connection with German life. They have no consciousness of being German, the German tongue is a foreign language to them and many have even Anglicized their names. But it is in these sentimental memories of their early life, of homely, familiar objects of their childhood that send them again and again to the festivals, the churches and the family gatherings around the Christmas Tree and that will for many years to come keep alive in this country the German spirit and gemutlichkeit.

Poland

POLAND is here in San Francisco in the music of Chopin and Paderewski; in memories of Modjeska and Sienkiewicz; in the Polish Clubs and in the homes of many of the 2000 Poles who now make their homes around the Bay Region.

The Polish colony although never large, is old. There have been Poles here since the Gold Rush days. But Poland is never forgotten and the consciousness of its greatness still lives in their minds. They know and are proud of the achievements of the Poles in music, art and science. They will recall to your mind that Polish soldiers fought valiantly with the Colonial Army, and that Kosciuszko, called the "Father of West Point" and General Pulaski, the organizer of the American cavalry who gave his life for this country, were Poles. They will also tell you about the group of Polish intellectuals who came to the New World to escape Russian oppression in 1876 and at Anaheim, California, attempted to establish a farm colony after the model of Brook Farm. It was not successful and when the group

disintegrated, two of the most famous came to San Francisco: Henry Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis" and "Fire and Sword," and Mme. Helena Modjeska, Shakespearian actress who lived for a time on O'Farrell Street and made her American debut at the old California Theatre. She loved California and even after she returned to Poland and to new triumphs in London and Paris, maintained a home in Santiago Cañon in the Santa Ana Mountains, which she frequently visited.

To see Poles at ease we shall journey out to Polish Hall, corner of Shotwell and Twenty-second Streets, meeting place of nearly a dozen Polish Clubs representing all interests: social, political, and religious. Here the colony holds its bazaars and dances, concerts and lectures. Every important Pole who visits San Francisco is entertained here. There is a small but well-stocked library. If you attend some of the celebrations you will see and hear the music and dances that have made Poland famous around the world.

Poland

The birthday of Kosciuszko occurs on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, and is celebrated by the Poles; while on February 22 they commemorate the birthday of Chopin as well as George Washington. Other Polish holidays are October 11, observed as Pulaski Day and Constitution Day, May 3. These holidays are usually celebrated on the nearest Saturday and are well worth a visit. Then you will see the mazurka, that furious national dance which is performed by a special group in costume. This dance raises the assembly to a high pitch of excitement and sets the pace for the rest of the evening. There are other dances too; the krakowiak, the oberek and the polka, in which everyone young and old whirls around with much shouting and stamping of feet. There seems to be a controversy over whether or not the polka originated in Poland. The mazurka, however, is purely a native dance having originated in the province of Mazovia. It became popular in most of the courts of Europe as well as in America several generations ago. There are few costumes, but those that are in evidence are extremely vivid. Many of the women wear paper flower wreaths on their heads with ribbons streaming down their backs. Some wear those mortarboard hats peculiar to Poland. There are three or four costumes of the southern mountaineers; curious, heavy white felt trousers and wide leather belts tooled and decorated with brass. From the kitchen you will be served Polish frankfurters which have

an entirely different taste from those of any other nationality. There is plenty to drink; beer and mead, the national drink, a strong, heady wine made from honey. You will enjoy watching the dances and costumes and perhaps will come to understand better these proud and vigorous people.

The Poles are well represented in nearly all trades and professions. There are tailors, furriers, restaurant workers, butchers and stockmen; doctors, dentists, lawyers, singers, writers and dancers. They are found in all sections of the city but a great many families are concentrated in the Potrero and in Butchertown. They have no newspaper of their own but the Slav-American News, published in English for all Slavs, carries news of Poland and of the local colony and is the best source of information about Polish balls and concerts.

In Polish homes here many old customs are still observed. Nearly every home has its shrine as most Poles are Roman Catholics. Typical Polish feast days, such as those in honor of St. Stanislaus, St. Casimir and the Virgin of Czenstochowa are remembered with special prayers and some old country dish such as "flaki" or tripe stew, and strange looking mushrooms which are dried, preserved in salt water and pickled. That delicious red beet soup called borsht is really Polish and served either cold or hot. A delightful custom is the exchanging of gay wooden eggs among friends at Easter time.





Finland

SUOMILAISET is the native name for the Finnish people. It means "the people of the fens." Finland is a marshy land dotted with innumerable lakes. These lakes lie deep in the midst of pine forests and because of the nature of the country the Finns are virtually a race of woodsmen and seamen. Ninety percent of the Finns residing in the Bay district are workers in wood and on the water—carpenters, builders, furniture makers; captains, mates and engineers on coastwise vessels and many of the ferry crews. All through the forest regions of the Northwest the lumberjacks are most likely to be Finnish and every seaport on the West coast has its Finnish colony. Astoria, Oregon, is practically a Finnish town.

The Finn has a feeling for wood. His innate sense of craftsmanship responds immediately to a block of wood. In his spare moments he will whittle out a figure that many a sculptor would envy. Every man is handy with axe, knife and hammer and with an axe the Finn turns artist and can hew out a log house so beautiful as to put an American pioneer to shame.

The Finns belong to the Finno-Ugric branch of the Turanian race. Thus they are brothers to the Magyar and the Turk. They first emerge into history in the eighth century, were conquered by Sweden in the twelfth and remained a Swedish province for six hundred years. The Swedes and Finns were always good friends and intermarriage was free, resulting throughout the centuries in a blending of races. Although Swedish was the literary language and was spoken by the upper classes, the peasants continued to speak Finnish. About the middle of the nineteenth century the great epic poem "Kalevala" was published. A compendium of Finnish folk-poetry, this is Finland's Homer and one of the finest poetical treasures in world literature. This was a signal for the revival of the Finnish tongue. In 1809 Russia conquered the country and in 1919 Finland achieved complete independence. Finland's long experience with Swedish rule and the fact that until her independence the Swedes were the people of consequence, made Finland more like a part of Scandinavia even when it was a Russian Grand Duchy.

Finland

The Finns are a stubborn, sensible people, stern and strict in their beliefs and duties. In fact they are the modern Spartans, although their homes are comfortably and tastefully furnished and they are not above owning automobiles. The usual luxuries, however, with which the average American women like to surround themselves leave the Finnish housewife cold. Their sales resistance is excellent. They are Lutheran in religion, accustomed to work hard, say little and save their pennies.

There have been Finns in California since the days of '49. The real immigration however, started about fifty years ago. There are now about four thousand in the Bay region; the largest group settled on upper Market Street and the streets to the northwest—Duboce, Noe and Fifteenth. Another group settled in West Berkeley, about Allston Way, University Avenue and San Pablo Avenue. When you walk through these neighborhoods some day you will see groups of young men running and jumping and then you remember that the Finns are famous athletes and always run away with Olympic prizes. They love the outdoors and all wild life. Nearly every Finnish man can throw javelin or discus. When a Finnish boy is in a hurry he will not wait for the street car but will start off at a brisk trot and will reach his destination before the trolley. They are hearty trenchermen and consume quantities of milk, fish and hard-tack. A favorite meal is porridge with milk, salted Baltic her-

ring and piimi, sour cream. Liver loda is another delicious dish. These foods and other old country dishes can be sampled at the Green Lantern, Noe and Market Streets.

If it is a Saturday be sure to drop in at Finnish Brotherhood Hall, 425 Hoffman Avenue, or in Berkeley at 1740 Chestnut Street. There is usually a dance in progress and you will see the rhythmic native dances, the purpurri and the polka. If it is Midsummer Eve, June 24th, there will be feasting and dancing all through the night. The Finns are fond of music and the play. All the clubs have a chorus and a dramatic group. Their folk songs have remote, haunting melodies and the congregational singing in the churches is excellent. The churches are at 50 Belcher Street in San Francisco, at Byron Street and Allston Way and 936 Channing Way in Berkeley.

Suomi Finns and Swedish Finns have their own organizations. The Order of Runeberg is the Swedish language group and the Star of Finland and the Finnish Workers Club are for the Finnish speakers. The latter society is a radical organization with sympathies toward industrial unionism and its dramatic groups are of a high order. There is a play nearly every month and it is worth attending. They have two halls: 20 Flint Street in San Francisco and 1819 Tenth Street in West Berkeley. The Finnish Brotherhood unites all people from Finland whether Finnish or Swedish speaking.

Finland

No visit to Finland would be complete without seeing a bath-house. The Finn and his bath-house are inseparable. In Finland every house has its "Sauna," or steam bath. There are four public bath-houses in the city and many Finns have built their own bath-houses in their yards or cellars. The bath is a windowless room lined with tiers of seats. Rocks are heated and water thrown on them and the room is filled with red-hot steam. The higher you go the hotter it gets. When you have been in the steam until you feel like a wet dish-rag you give yourself a real spanking with branches of eucalyptus leaves. Then you jump

under a cold shower. Every Finn is a faithful believer in the efficacy of the bath. It is as much therapy as cleanliness.

Finns are an educated, literate people. They read extensively and are deeply conscious of the contributions of Finland to the modern world, especially in music, architecture and the co-operative movement. There are plenty of good books in every Finnish home, the clubs have well-stocked libraries and the leading Finnish-language newspapers: New Yorkin Uutiset, Lamen Suometar of Astoria, Oregon and the Finnish Co-operative Weekly of Superior, Wisconsin, are widely read.

Norway

It is most appropriate that we start a visit of Norway in San Francisco at the end of Golden Gate Park where it meets the sea. There, on the edge of the Great Highway is a boat; a trim, stunted craft, the instrument in one of the most thrilling adventures in modern times. In this boat Roald Amundsen made the voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Northwest Passage. When you realize that the voyage took three years and that the ship was battered by storm and ice through most of the voyage, it seems almost incredible that the feat was ever accomplished. The boat appears unbelievably tiny. It was due only to the genius of the great man and the courage of his crew that the boat ever reached port. This craft, however, is not only a memorial to Amundsen alone but to the intelligence and stamina of the Norwegian race. Since time immemorial they have followed the sea, always pushing farther and farther into the unknown waters and discovering new lands. This ship is perhaps no bigger than those in which the Norsemen ventured across the

Atlantic to discover the American continent five hundred years before Columbus. No bigger than those they sailed to Ireland and France and Sicily; to Iceland and Greenland. This tiny vessel, then, is symbolic of a race of hardy, adventurous people.

With this in mind let us turn to the other end of the city, the Embarcadero. This is the street of the sailors, many of whom are Norwegians. There is hardly a port in the world without Norwegian sailors and San Francisco is no exception. They have been sailing into this port since early days and it was Norwegian fishermen who introduced modern methods into the whaling industry on the Pacific Coast. They have played a large part in the development of shipping and in the navigation of inland waters in particular. The marine surveying in our ports is largely in the hands of Norwegian engineers. As an illustration of the numerical strength of immigrant Norwegian sailors in American shipping today, it is sufficient to point out that between fifteen and twenty thousand of these seamen are employed



Norway

on board of American merchant vessels. Many of them own their own schooners, built by Norwegian ships' carpenters. The Embarcadero is the "beach" for these men. Along the way are the little bars and lunch rooms where they can meet and talk to their countrymen. On the curbs you will most likely see the modern Norseman, easily distinguished by his tall, loose frame, his intense blue eyes and his rolling gait. At the corner of the Embarcadero and Mission Street, in an old building is housed the Scandinavian Seamen's Mission, a haven of refuge for Scandinavian seamen down on their luck. Nearly half the Norwegian colony of eight thousand are seamen and live in the neighborhood of the docks or in Third Street hotels.

The remainder of the Norwegians are family men, artisans and builders—carpenters, contractors, painters, tailors. Some are engaged in the paper industry. These families live on Buena Vista Hill, in the Panhandle or out in the avenues near the sea, where they can feel the fog on their cheeks and hear the roar of the surf and be reminded of their native fjords. All Norwegians meet at Dovre Hall, Guerrero and Eighteenth Street, owned by the Norwegians of the city. The societies that meet in this building are the Sons of Norway, the Daughters of Norway, the Norwegian National League and the Norwegian Singing Society. The Norwegian Club at 1900 Fell Street is an organization of business and professional men. The Norwegian Lu-

theran Church, Dolores and Nineteenth Streets is the spiritual center of the colony and there is another church in Oakland.

Norwegian food is much like that of the other Scandinavian peoples. As is natural for a sea-going folk they consume great quantities of fish. Fishballs, cod-roes and herring are staple articles of diet. Norwegians are simpler, more frugal than other Scandinavians and their dishes are not as elaborate. You can get good, plain Norwegian fare at an unobtrusive restaurant on Third Street near Howard. Although in the center of what is known as "skid row," it is spotlessly clean. All varieties of fish dishes are served—Norwegian mackerel, black cod bellies; and the national dish, lapskaus, a thick stew of pork and beef. There is even a club of business men who meet weekly for luncheon in a famous Pine Street sea-food grotto and it is called the Norwegian Fish Club.

The 17th of May is the Norwegian Day of Independence, commemorating the peaceful separation of Norway from Sweden in 1905. It is celebrated by Norwegians all over the world, and wherever they are, in small or large gatherings they will sing the national anthem written by the famous novelist, Bjørstjerne Björnson. They will listen to speeches extolling the Norwegians and their contributions to American civilization, and to the music of their greatest composer, Edvard Grieg. On Midsummer Day they gather at their own park, Henrik Ibsen

Norway

Park up on Kings Mountain, where they sing and dance in the old country way until the cows come home.

The Norwegians are the most pronouncedly Scandinavian of all the Northern peoples. They are more individualistic and imaginative. Allied closely to the Norwegians are about one hundred Icelanders. Although technically Iceland is part of

Denmark the Icelanders are closer to the Norwegians for linguistic reasons. The Icelandic tongue is the original Norse speech in which the ancient Sagas were recited and sung. The modern Norwegian has evolved very little from the parent tongue. The Icelandic mind too, is like the Norwegian — austere and grandiose.

Sweden

IF YOU WALK or drive up Market Street you will notice as you near Sanchez Street a picturesque, steep-gabled building with mullioned windows, looking for all the world like a medieval guild hall. This is Swedish-American Hall, the center of Swedish life in San Francisco. Nearly a dozen Swedish societies meet here, among the important ones being the Order of Vasa, Scandinavian Singing Society, Swedish-American Patriotic League and the Swedish Society. Their rooms are furnished in the comfortable, old-world style that is in tune with the exterior architecture. There are deep chairs, book-lined walls, old oak wainscoting, the gleam of old brass and pewter. One can easily imagine them filled with jolly Vikings, sitting around the flowing bowl, the beamed ceilings echoing with their throaty laughter and hearty toasts. On Saturday nights when the hall is full of husky men and full-bosomed women whizzing through a folk dance it is difficult not to feel as though you were at a party in old Sweden. In the basement of the building is the Cafe

du Nord which looks at first like any ordinary beer-garden but later you discover that the men at the bar are arguing in sing-song Swedish, that the mechanical gramophone will play Nordic folk songs and that besides beer and whiskey, aquavit and brännvin are sold over the bar.

Along Market Street up to Twin Peaks and to the south and east, especially along Guerrero, Dolores and Church Streets live the Swedish people. There are other colonies in the Potrero, in the Crocker-Amazon district and in the East Bay. There has been a large Swedish colony here since the days of '49 and it has grown until now there are approximately sixty thousand Swedes about the Bay district.

Like other immigrant groups from Northern Europe the Swedes are quickly absorbed into the American stream of life. Like the other Scandinavians and the Germans they tend to lose themselves in the mass of Anglo-Saxons. But of all these Nordic peoples the Swedes have brought by far the most color and have

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kept their distinctive patterns of life far more intact. The Swede has discovered a happy medium between the streamlined, industrial present and the more leisurely, handicraft era of the past. He can become part and parcel of our present-day life, yet in his moments of leisure observe the festivals, perform a folk dance and practice a craft with a fine sense of balance and the fitness of things.

So they continue to celebrate their great festival of Midsummer Day on the twenty-fourth of June, usually at one of the beaches, with all the traditional pomp and display. It is all there just as in Sweden—the Maypole, decked with garlands of flowers and fluttering flags; the folk dancing around it, such dances as the Vingakerdans, the Daldans or the Oxdans, whose origins lie in the communal dances of the ancient Vikings; the choir singing and the parade of the Midsummer Queen and her handmaidens. There is a brave display of costumes from all over Sweden—the men in short, yellow trousers, white stockings, red vests and low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats; the women in a great variety of costumes, differing from province to province. The women from Skane, the southernmost province of Sweden, will be dressed in their beautiful costume of yellow and brown with caps like nurses and with ornaments of golden chains and silver buttons; the women of Södermanland with intricately embroidered belts of leather. The costumes of Dalarna

are a vivid kaleidoscope of embroidery, fringe and ribbon. One can identify the parish of origin by the type of dress. The girls of Leksand have aprons of narrow, vertical stripes; the aprons from Rattvik have broad, horizontal stripes. Some wear caps, embroidered in flower design and carry commodious bags to match; others wear saucy, peaked hats with streaming ribbons; still others look like Puritan maids. Families come every year from all over the state, stay all day and half the night, picnic on the grass and dance the folk dances until exhausted.

But this is not the only festival. Others less known but equally colorful are celebrated in the bosom of the family. Santa Lucia Day, the thirteenth of December, is the old Midwinter Day of the pagan Goths. It is the beginning of the Christmas festivities and Santa Lucia is the embodiment of the spirit of Christmas. Dressed in a long, white robe with a wreath of whortleberries and lighted candles in her hair, the daughter of the house awakens the family at dawn with steaming coffee and the special Lussikattor, Lucia cats—cat-shaped saffron cookies. Christmas Eve is known as "dipping day." The huge kettles which hold the drippings and scraps from the cooking of weeks before is heated and each member of the family dips a piece of bread into the kettle. This is a preliminary to the Yule feast and the whole family gathers in the kitchen and eats the bread soaked in the pork gravy. The piece de resistance of the feast is lutfsk, that

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unique dish which signifies Christmas to every good Swede. The dish would be insipid were it not served with mustard and allspice. There is no indifference about this dish—you either like it or you decidedly do not. It is said that to eat lutfisk and smile is the test of a true Viking. The holiday meal is topped off by gröt, a rich rice pudding with an almond concealed inside. Whoever finds the almond in his dish will be the first to marry within the year. There is much merrymaking, but everyone rises early on Christmas morn to attend the Julotta, the early holiday service held in the churches at dawn. The churches are ablaze with candlelight and are crowded with worshippers despite the early hour. These days are kept true to tradition even by the most Americanized families.

Most Swedes are members of the Lutheran church of which there are two in San Francisco—at Dolores and Fifteenth Streets and 1330 Vermont Avenue. There is also a Baptist church on Seventeenth Street near Dolores, a Covenant Church at Dolores and Dorland Streets and a Swedish Troop of the Salvation Army.

In every one of the trades there is a large number of Swedes, but they are particularly prominent in the building trades. The professional class is large, numbering many doctors, engineers, scientists, importers and several first rank artists and craftsmen. It is possible to build a whole house with only Swedish work-

men. In fact, if one so desires, one can buy land from a Swedish real-estate broker, on it erect a house using only Swedish carpenters and masons, glaziers and plumbers; embellish it with furniture, pillows and curtains, candlesticks and bowls, with oil paintings or etchings all made in San Francisco by Swedish artists and handcraftsmen.

Swedish cooking is famous. There is not sufficient space to go into details regarding the glories of Nordic dishes, but there is a restaurant in town—Bit of Sweden on Sutter Street—where as good a Swedish meal can be had as in Stockholm itself. Here is the smörgasbord in all its glory—a table loaded with appetizers of such variety and quantity as to bewilder the diner. There are meat balls and smoked salmon and eels, herring prepared in a dozen different ways, pickled beets and salads of divers vegetables, caviar and the hard, round Swedish bread, like hardtack. It is all there for you to sample. Just pick up a plate and help yourself and go back for more if you wish. But save room for the meal itself, good solid food. You may have a fruit soup, of prunes and raisins, maybe nypon, dried rose petals gathered from fields up on the edge of the Arctic Circle in the brief summer. There will be kaldolmar, or stuffed cabbage, jellied meats and head cheeses and perhaps Swedish apple cake, food for the gods. The restaurant spreads over several rooms and with touches of blue and yellow (the Swedish colors), the

Sweden

candle light, the center table groaning with food, the open fire, exudes a warm, enervating atmosphere. When you finally relax before the fire with a glass of Swedish punch it will be difficult to convince you that you are not in Sweden and that America is not a week's journey away.

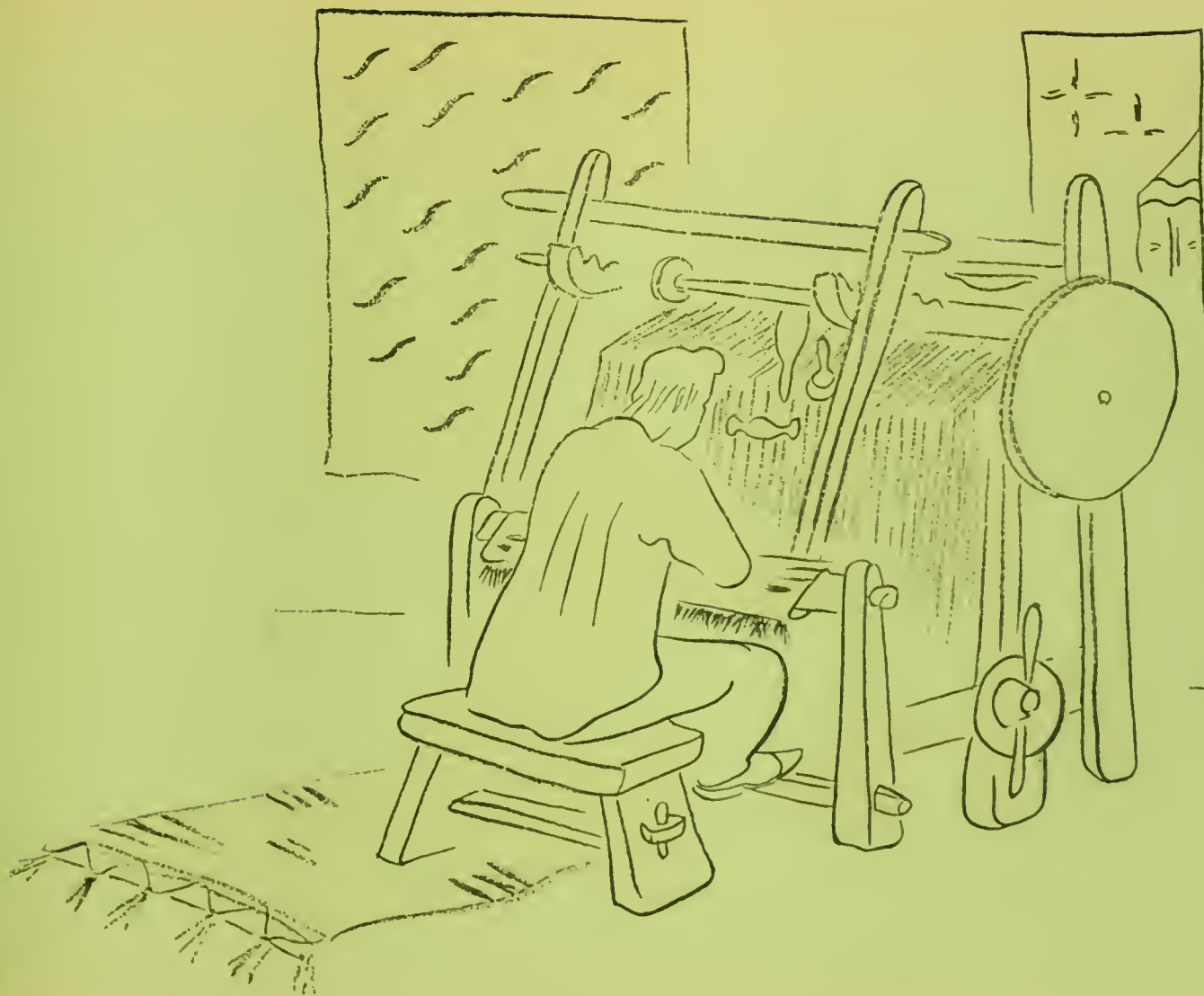
If you go there during the Christmas holidays you will be served all the specialties of the season; lutfisk, roast pork and goose, and Yule cookies. There is no doubt about it, Swedish food has a hold on you and you find yourself longing again and again for a particular dish.

If you wish to have a Swedish meal in your own home we suggest Johnson's shop on Seventh Street opposite the Post Office. All the intriguing ingredients of Swedish cooking are for sale. Most conspicuous are the piles of dried lutfisk looking for all the world like tree bark. Before this is fit to eat it must be soaked two weeks in a solution of lye and birchwood ashes. When ready to serve it looks—and tastes like paste. Swedes like it however, and no Christmas dinner is complete without it. On the shelves are neatly arranged cans of cod and mackerel roe, eels in jelly, fish pudding, nypon. There are stacks of hard-tack, the Swedish staff of life, boxes of herring and huge lumps of cheese, mesost, goat's milk cheese which looks like fudge, and bundeost, cheese with caraway seeds.

Speaking of foods leads us to an institution in San Francisco's

Swedish colony, Sveagard at 2016 Pacific Avenue. A large, comfortable house, it is the home of Mrs. Valborg Gravander, a craftswoman and teacher of weaving. Twice a week—Thursdays and Fridays—the house is thrown open to the public and Swedish dinners are served, complete with smörgåsbord. There are exhibitions of weaving and spinning and the students are always present, dressed in Swedish costume, although few of them are Swedes. Mrs. Gravander, "Mama" to all within her ken, is steeped in the lore of the household crafts and the arts and skills of Sweden. The house has become a Mecca for Americans who wish to learn how to live and play in the leisurely European fashion. The house is furnished throughout in peasant style and the Swedish atmosphere pervades every room. There are rare eighteenth century cabinets, Swedish glass, pottery and gaily painted, stunted, four-poster beds. Every curtain, bedspread, napkin and towel used in the house is made on their own looms by Mrs. Gravander and her family.

All the festivals are observed here with the greatest zest and studied attention to detail. The place attracts those who seek the secret of living a balanced life in an intricate and restless civilization. They come to learn from the Swedes who seem to have the secret. Because of this, the house is unique, partaking a little of the functions of a school and a museum, a theatre and a boarding house.





d enmark

AT THE MENTION of the word Denmark we have visions of food—substantial, savory food. We believe that the Danes are the world's best cooks and we have memories of Danish meals that can never be equalled. Therefore it is natural for us to start our tour of Denmark in San Francisco at a Danish cafe, the Danish Club, 1001 Shrader Street. Here in an old-world atmosphere, in a truly Danish environment, you will taste real Danish cooking the like of which you never had before. There is smorgasbord of such variety that it makes a meal in itself. It usually includes a platter of jellied lamb, or rulepolse, or a pork d'oeuvre called spegepolse and at least four different kinds of herring appetizers. There are always open-faced sandwiches for which the Danes are famous. The array of sandwiches that you will find here will amaze you. It does not seem possible that there are so many different kinds of sandwiches in the world. There are all sorts of combinations on all kinds of bread, in fact, the cook will produce any kind of sandwich that you can think of. Sand-

wiches are not her only creations, however. There are other specialties such as frigadellen, or meat balls; skildpadde, a mixture of meatballs and fishballs served with hard-boiled eggs and brandy sauce, a truly epicurean dish. You will like the thick soups, the spicy desserts and the great variety of cheeses. All this may be washed down with aquavit and rich, old Danish beer. Although this cafe is not open to the general public, you will be welcome if you phone ahead for reservations.

If your ideas of Danes are colored by the Shakespearean myth about melancholy Danes then you will be forced to revise them after a visit to this boarding house. The Danish people are friendly, jolly folks, fond of good food and drinks; intimate and informal. They are well informed on a wide variety of subjects and are fluent conversationalists. The atmosphere of any Danish cafe is one of inviting good will and good living.

The main street of San Francisco's Denmark is upper Market Street beyond Valencia where are the Danish shops. In the side

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streets to the west and north over Buena Vista Hill live many of the ten thousand Danes in the city. At the corner of Oak and Franklin Streets is the Danish newspaper "Bien." The editorial offices and the office of a Scandinavian Travel Agency are housed in a prim, red-brick building that might have been brought over brick by brick from some Danish village. The editor, Redsted Petersen, a charming and cultivated Dane, is an authority on all things Danish. The newspaper is fifty-five years old and is read not only by the Danes but by their sister nationals—the Norwegians and the Icelanders.

On Page Street just off Market is Druids Hall, the meeting-place of half a dozen societies, including the Danish Brotherhood and Sisterhood, Dania No. 2, Norden and Thyra. The Danish-American Women's Club meets at the Women's City Club on Post Street and there is also a singing society.

From here let us visit the shop of Anderson & Meyer, the largest importers of Scandinavian delicacies in the West. All the ingredients of those dishes that you thought so delicious can be obtained here. Cans of fishballs and meatballs; tins of anchovies, herrings and sprats; the world-famous liver paste; dark, bitter imported beer and such treats to the palate as aquavit, punch, current brandy. There are pots and kettles, frying pans and broilers of copper and iron; and pitchers, cups and plates of the famous Royal Blue Porcelain. This porcelain is

sturdy and unbreakable; in fact all the dishes and utensils for sale are made to last indefinitely, strong and sturdy like the Danes themselves.

Continue up Market Street and we come to the junction of Market, Church and Fourteenth Streets the crossroads of the Scandinavian colonies. On Church Street is the Danish Lutheran Church and around the corner on Fourteenth Street is the Methodist Church.

The Danes have played an important part in the building of the city and the state. The first Dane to come to these shores arrived over a hundred years ago. Leidesdorff, the American vice-consul in Yerba Buena under Mexican rule and the first city treasurer of San Francisco was a Dane as was also Peter Lassen, who "discovered" Mt. Lassen. There were many Danes here in the gold-rush days. Now there are about eighteen thousand people of Danish blood in the Bay region. In central Oakland there are over five thousand. Their gathering places are the Danish Hall, 164 Eleventh Street and the picturesque church of Our Saviour, 1736 Seventh Avenue. There are thousands more in the State. Denmark is called the "dairy of Europe," and the Danes of California are largely dairy farmers. They have large and successful establishments in Alameda and Marin Counties, in Yuba and Sutter Counties. The fame of Petaluma as a poultry center is largely due to the energy and resourceful-

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ness of the Danes. Solvang, in Santa Barbara County, is a Danish town, complete with its church and folk-school.

Most of the Danes in the Bay region are mechanics or builders. The proportion of professional men is large. There are doctors, merchants, importers, engineers. The important holiday is Constitution Day on June fifth. Danes come from all over the State to sing and dance in the style of their forefathers. Folk dancing is part of the modern system of education in Denmark and the revival of the old dances became so popular that it has spread to all the Scandinavian countries. The movement has

reached the Danes in America and now there is scarcely a Dane, young or old, who does not know the "Ace of Diamonds," the polka or "Feder Mikkell." There are two groups of folk dancers who meet once a year in a competition which is always attended by lovers of folk dancing of no matter what nationality.

Danes are more cosmopolitan than other Scandinavians. They are less reserved than the Swedes and more practical than the Norwegians. Through their patience and spirit of co-operation they have solved for themselves many of the social and economic problems that sorely beset the rest of the world.

Scotland

SINCE THE beginning of San Francisco the Scotch have played an important role in its social, economic and religious life. In the little settlement of Yerba Buena there were families of Scotch traders and captains of whaling ships. Since then, a hundred years ago, the Scotch have been coming to this city and Scotland-in-San Francisco blooms as freshly as its own native heather. There is in the air of the city much to remind the Scotch of their old home. The fine mist of a winter's night is like that which drives over the lowland heaths; and the eerie fog that rolls into the city every summer afternoon is reminiscent of the fogs of the northern coast.

If you wish information about the Scotch the Caledonian Club is the place to go. To learn the intricate process of making haggis, the correct way to toss the caber; to see the braw Scotch laddies in the kilties of their clan or hear the lilting skirl of the bagpipes, visit these men at their meeting-rooms in Druids Hall, 44 Page Street.

The Caledonian Club also prides itself on its athletic activi-

ties and it was the first to promote outdoor games and sports. The games are such as tossing the caber, which is a trick so native to the Scotch soil that even the young men born here do not seem to be able to master the technique—they leave it to the oldsters. And can the “old timers” do it! A caber is like a young telegraph pole and the trick is to pick it up and toss it so it falls over its end. Putting the shot and hammer-throwing are both old Scotch games. Lawn-bowling is a favorite game and every Sunday finds groups at the bowling green in Golden Gate Park. Quoiting, too, is a Scotch game. It is very much like pitching horseshoes except that quoits are used. The Caledonian Club is the most influential society among the Scotch. It was founded to bring together all Scotsmen, to preserve the traditions of the mother country, especially the dancing, music and the Highland dress.

Scotch life centers in the clubs. The St. Andrew's Society, a social and benevolent organization was founded in 1863, and since then the Scotch have met weekly to discuss ways and



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means of helping less fortunate Scots. The Scotch have a sentimental memory of the old land and never cease to sing the old songs or read Burns or Scott. On the anniversary of Robert Burns' birthday the Scots gather to listen to his poetry and to folk songs commemorating the people's poet.

On St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, a banquet is given at which the old custom of "piping the haggis" is observed. Haggis is a sheep's stomach, stuffed with the heart and liver of the sheep, oatmeal, onions and various other ingredients. The preparing and cooking of this dish is very elaborate. When served on this occasion, it is borne around the banquet hall to the music of the pipes. Haggis is the national dish, made immortal by Burns' "Address to a Haggis."

Speaking of food, there is one place where good Scotch food can be obtained—the Rob Roy Bakery, on Mission Street near 21st Street. Scottish bakeries differ from those of any other nationality, combining as they do the best features of a grocery and butcher shop. As a sample of what we may purchase, there are real Scotch scones, oat cakes, shortbread, mutton and steak and kidney pies, black pudding, oatmeal from Edinburgh, jams from Paisley and marmalade from Dundee.

The Caledonian Club and the Highland Scottish Society have frequent evenings of merriment when the public is invited to join them in the popular square dances—Highland schot-

tische, quadrille, eightsome reel. Scottish folk dances are exhilarating and are danced with a spirited frenzy.

Once a year, on the Fourth of July, there is a gathering of the clans at California Park at San Rafael. All during the day there are athletic contests and competitions in Scotch dancing and bagpipe playing. Scotch dances, especially the solo dances are much like the Scotch themselves—quick, sharp and full of vitality and verve. They are highly formalized and for centuries there has been a strict compliance with traditional forms and a rigorous judgment of detail. The steps and routines are so generally understood that the public immediately detects and renders any mistakes or changes. The Highland Fling is the most generally known of the Scottish dances, but this is only one of the many dances in the course of the contest. Reels, Strathspeys, the Shean Treuse and the Sword Dance are performed before the judges and woe betide any dancer who does not perform strictly according to tradition.

The ladies' organization, The Daughters of Scotia, has as its special duty the care of the statue of Robert Burns in Golden Gate Park, where on the Sunday following his birthday they honor him with poetry, music and flowers. Another Scotsman who spent his happiest years here in San Francisco, Robert Louis Stevenson, is remembered by a miniature ship in full sail in Portsmouth Square.

Ireland

THE SKIRL of the bagpipes follows us all during our visit to the Irish. Bagpipes are Irish too, and there is an argument centuries old between the Irish and the Scotch as to which one of them first heard the music of the pipes. Irish pipes are somewhat smaller than the Scotch variety and are of two types: the war pipes, played by lung power like the Scotch ones and the union pipes, played by bellows held under the armpit. At any real Irish gathering of any pretensions whatsoever the pipers are always present.

Volumes could be written about Irish music but it will suffice to say here that they are one of the most musical of peoples. Their love songs are most poignant, full of the imagination and the sentimentality of the Celt. Every activity from the cradle to the grave is put to music by the Celt, for lullabies begin and keening ends his existence. There are three types of Irish music: the soontree, the gauntree and the goontree. These induce laughter, tears and sleep.

Irish dancing presents another side of the Irishman—his keen wit. The intricate rhythms are concentrated in the feet while the body is held rigidly erect, the arms stiff at the sides. A great variety of tones is produced by soles and heels. The jig and the hornpipe are the most difficult dances of the clog type that can be found. These dances are danced only at special occasions such as the Feis, St. Patrick's Day and at the picnics. At private parties and at the Sunday night dances at the Red Branch Hall or Irish-American Hall, 454 Valencia Street, the company all dance the Irish folk dances—the lancers, the quadrille and the six-handed reel.

The ancient Druids celebrated their harvest with a contest of music and dancing which they called the "Feis Ceoil." To this festival came the dancers, the harpers and the pipers from all over Ireland. Prizes were awarded to the best performers as well as to the best of the poets and readers. Due to the efforts of the Gaelic League in this country there has been a revival of

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this ancient festival in recent years. Here in San Francisco the Feis is under the patronage of the Knights of the Red Branch and every fall the best of the Irish musicians and dancers gather at their hall, 1133 Mission Street, to compete for prizes. Medals are awarded not only on the excellency of the performance but also on the authenticity. You are welcome to attend and listen to the pipers, the flute-players and fiddlers.

The great day of the Irish is as everyone knows the 17th of March. The anniversary of the great St. Patrick is held on the nearest Sunday with a Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral preceded by a parade up Van Ness Avenue. This holiday has been celebrated so long in this country that it has become a part of American life. A holiday that is little known, however, is Robert Emmet Day, on the 4th of March. The Knights of the Red Branch have charge of this commemoration also. On the following Sunday the Irish decorate the statue of Robert Emmet in Golden Gate Park.

The order of Knights of the Red Branch was founded in the first century and has always been a fighting organization. It represents the freedom-loving Irishman and has always been in the forefront of the movement for Irish liberty. Its home here is the refuge for all those who fight for justice and truth. It is the guardian of Irish culture in the West and the Gaelic School holds its classes in the Gaelic language and the traditional

music in its halls. Under its roof have gathered the more aggressive Irish societies: the Irish Workers Club, the Irish Republican Club and the Countess Markiewicz Club.

Irish were among the early settlers in California. In fact, the first English speaking person to arrive in California was an Irishman, one O'Cain, who arrived in 1795. Many arrived during the Spanish regime and intermarried with the Spaniards. Thousands came at the time of the Gold Rush and since then the Irish have been an important addition to the population of San Francisco. They first settled on Telegraph Hill and south of Market Street, and from there they have spread out over the city. There is not a neighborhood in the city that does not contain Irish residents. If any district could be called "Little Ireland" it would be the Mission district below 16th Street, Glen Park and the Noe Valley. Some Saturday night take a walk through these districts. They are not as drab as they look. Valencia Street is lined with Irish bars where Pat and Mike quip over their ale or porter. On Mission Street there are stores where you can buy Irish tea, whiskey, tobacco and concertinas. The streets are thronged with people who speak with a brogue you could cut with a knife, it's that thick. Living in the district are old men who can tell many a tall tale, and old women (and young ones too), who still believe in fairies and leprechauns.

The most potent factor in the life of the Irishman is his re-

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ligion. Every Irishman is a devout Roman Catholic and his churches are monuments to his piety. Such churches as St. Dominic's, St. Paul's, the basilica of St. Anne in the Sunset, the new church next the Mission Dolores and St. Patrick's downtown on Mission Street with its walls lined with green marble from Connemara are magnificent additions to the city's architecture.

All the variety of Irish life is represented here in San Francisco. The Irish who built our roads, our bridges and our docks are still with us, but their sons and daughters have gone on into the professions, particularly the church, the law and politics. Irish are in the majority in many trades; teamsters, longshoremen, bartenders and streetcar men.

The Irish have not neglected their own culture either. The Gaelic revival has interested many of the young Irish-Americans and there are classes in Irish literature and drama at the uni-

versities of Santa Clara and St. Mary's, San Francisco and the College for Women. There are many Irish artists, actors and poets.

There are over a hundred clubs from the nation-wide Ancient Order of Hibernians to the small parish societies. The county associations are a typical feature of Irish-American life. These are social and benevolent societies of people from the same county, and every county is represented.

Before we pass on to another land we will jot down in our notebook the name of the official voice of the Irish groups throughout the West, *The Leader*, founded by the well-loved Fr. Peter Yorke. Then we shall add the address of the Donahue Library, 50 Oak Street, where you can find a fine selection of Irish books. At the ball field in Golden Gate Park every Sunday young Irish blades play their national games—Gaelic football and hurling.





Wales

THE WELSH stock in the racial composition of the United States is much more important than people suppose. Although the number of people born in Wales or of immediate Welsh ancestry is not large there are countless thousands who have Welsh blood in their veins. Many who have forgotten their ancestry and who are not conscious of their Welsh heritage, do by their names reveal their racial origin. Such names as Jones, Williams, Phillips or Evans are Welsh. There are about five thousand Welsh-born with their children in the Bay region.

The Welsh have been in California since the discovery of gold. They were miners of a long tradition in the old country. There are still many families of Welsh in the old mining towns of California and Nevada.

It has been the destiny of each of the Celtic peoples to be the guardian of some phase of national culture. The Irish are the only ones that are politically free, the Scotch have preserved the dances and the clan system, and the Welsh have nourished the language. Other Celtic peoples speak their ancient speech

only as an intellectual accomplishment, but the Welsh language, or Cymric is still spoken in all its purity by half the population of Wales. It is used in the churches and in the church schools and it has a rich and vital modern literature. There are several periodicals published in the Cymric tongue; two in this country, in the city of Utica, N. Y. The medium through which the language was preserved was the folk music and popular poetry of the people. Once a year the poets, singers and harpers come from all over Wales to compete for prizes in public competition. This annual meeting has the same function in Welsh life as the Feis has in the life of the Irish. The Welsh call this an Eisteddfod, which means literally, "sitting in a circle." Of great antiquity, it was a congress of the minstrels and bards of Wales. When a man won recognition as a bard he was seated in the sacred Druidic circle. Here in San Francisco there is an Eisteddfod every year on the twenty-second of February in Native Sons Hall on Mason Street. Welshmen attend from all over the State and even from Canada

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and Alaska. The whole day and evening are devoted to singing in solos, in quartettes, in choruses, to extempore poetry and recitations in both English and Welsh. The winners are chosen by judges who base their judgments on the advice of the adjudicator. His criticisms are given to the audience and result in a very lucid explanation of the faults and merits of the performers. Welshmen are gifted with glorious voices and singing is regarded by them as a national sport. For sheer pleasure in choral singing one should not miss this annual gathering.

There is fine choral singing too, every Sunday at the Welsh churches. There are two in the Bay region: the Welsh Presbyterian at 449 Fourteenth Street in San Francisco and the Welsh Calvinistic at 1726 Castro Street in Oakland. There are crowded churches on the great festival of the Welsh, the feast of their patron saint, St. David, on March first. On this day there are concerts and dances where one may see the national costumes of the women, the crowning feature of which is the tall, black peaked hat worn over a white crocheted hood.

France

"THE PARIS OF THE WEST." Thus has San Francisco been known for over seventy years to half the world. The reason for this appellation is apparent. No other city in the United States—unless it be New Orleans—has so much sparkle or sophistication. The peculiar historical background and racial heritage of the town have bequeathed to it a tolerance, a light-heartedness, so typical of the French towns and so unique in America. For this reason the Frenchman is at home in San Francisco and although his colony is one of the most complete and self-sufficient in the city, he has left the ineffable Gallic stamp on the city itself. French is spoken on the streets of the city constantly and one of the city's leading department stores is French in every detail.

It might be well to start our tour of the French colony at this store—the City of Paris. Architecturally the store might be a big Paris department store—Au Printemps or Bon Marche. It is really a collection of specialty shops under one roof. Paris is all around you; in the perfumes, hats, linens, shoes, and objets d'art;

in the faces of some of the sales people and in the general air of suavity and chic. In the basement is the collection of little shops known as Normandy Lane and the famous Verdier cellars.

The French colony is one of the oldest in the city, founded in the days of '49, it has ever since exerted an influence on the city's life. The contribution of the French to San Francisco, indeed to all of California, has been all out of proportion to its members. It has always been well organized. As far back as the fifties they had their own shops, banks and mercantile establishments. The City of Paris was founded in 1850, and the White House in 1854. The newspaper, *Le Courier du Pacifique* was founded in 1852, which makes it the oldest newspaper in San Francisco. The French Hospital was founded in 1852 and the Catholic church in 1856. The first plan of the city, substantially the same as it is now, was laid out by a Frenchman, Vioget in 1839. Another Frenchman, Pioche, built the city's first street car line.

France

The French first settled near Kearny and Montgomery Streets in the vicinity of the old Plaza, now Portsmouth Square. Later they moved further north along Broadway and Pacific Streets above Stockton. The former section still retains a Gallic flavor in the number of little artists' rendezvous that abound in the neighborhood; in the old buildings, as for example the blocks from Merchant to Jackson Streets along Montgomery Street, which escaped the fire of 1906 and which have been turned into charming studio buildings. The district is still known as the "Latin Quarter" and is the city's counterpart of Montparnasse. The latter section was once solidly French but the families have now moved further away, six or seven blocks to the westward. So closely bound to the neighborhood were they that they disliked to leave unless driven by absolute necessity. It took an earthquake and fire and the encroachment of the Chinese to drive them from their homes where they lived so long. But such traditionalists are the French that they still return to the former neighborhood to transact their business in the same places where their families have traded for generations. The families patronize the same restaurants as their fathers and grandfathers did before them. There is a certain shop on Grant Avenue now surrounded by Chinese stores where the French woman comes to buy chives or chevril for her daughter just as she used to buy them in the same place for her mother years ago.

The Parisians live on or near Broadway, near the gaiety and bright lights. They gather frequently at La Favorite, Hotel de France or the Normandie to partake of a delectable salad with that indefinable Gallic touch or a ragout with a bottle of wine. There are many pensions de famille in the neighborhood where one can have his omelette aux fines herbes or his choux de Bruxelles served in exactly the same manner as in many an old inn in Normandy or Touraine. As this is the central French district all French speaking peoples gather here at some time or another. Not only those from France, but the French Swiss and the Walloon from Belgium and the many French Canadians, also a few French Tahitians, even occasionally a Creole from Martinique or Guadeloupe.

The provincial families live further out on the quieter streets, and Pacific Street is the connecting link between the two sections. Pacific Street has always been French since the early days when sailors' rooming houses clustered at its eastern end, through the "maisons de joie" of the Barbary Coast to the present time when it is the abode of good bourgeois families. On Pacific Street and on Polk Street are patisseries and charcuteries where one can buy brioche and babas; the long, crisp bread; a galantine or pate de foie gras. At 1470 Washington Street is the French theatre, the Gaite Francaise which carries on the tradition of French drama in this city which originated in the





France

early days. Under the direction of André and Jeanne Ferrier, formerly of the Company at the Paris Odeon, light operas or classic plays are frequently performed by a semi-professional company. It is a tiny theatre in the basement of a picturesque half-timbered house with an overhanging upper story, a house reminiscent of those ancient ones in the Rue du Bac.

There is another group of French living on Pacific Heights in that charming faubourg between Lafayette Square and the Alta Plaza. The newspaper is in this section at 2448 Clay Street, and at the Clay Theatre at the corner of Fillmore Street the latest French films are shown.

The French colony numbers about 8000, the majority of them from the south of France—from Bearn, Gascony and Languedoc. The Bearnais have settled by themselves along with the French Basques out in Visitacion Valley. They have their own shops, school and church—St. Joan of Arc, at Quesada and Lane Streets. These latter are truck gardeners and dairy men, but most of the French here are mechanics or hotel employees. As launderers they are unsurpassed. There are over a hundred French laundries in the city run by the French women who are the business end of the firm and hold the purse strings at home.

The highly developed artistic sense and innate good taste of the French are well known. They have a particular flair for work

that requires great skill and neatness. Thus we find many of them employed at art goods repairing, as jewelers and watch makers. This is particularly true of the Parisians who have an inimitable quality about them that distinguishes their work and sets them apart at gatherings. There is a certain Parisian manner of wearing the most common thing that gives it an air of distinction. There is a Parisian toss of the head or shrug of the shoulders that no one can imitate, not even a Frenchman from another part of France. There are only a few Parisians in the city, but their influence is strongly felt. There are many French artists here who have studied in Paris, not to mention the dress-makers and interior decorators. Just as Paris dominates France so do the few Parisians dominate the French colony, and our trip through France in San Francisco is really a trip through a bit of Paris.

There are restaurants in this city that are considered by epicures to be the equal of any in the French capital. At Jack's, Camilles and Pierres, serving is a fine art. Dinner at these places is not the jolly interlude that it is in the family places of North Beach, but a solemn, dignified rite. The chefs are cordon bleu and the waiters know just how a meal in the grand manner should be served.

To continue on our tour we visit the church of Notre Dame des Victoires on Bush Street above Grant Avenue. This is the

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national church for all French speaking people in the city. It is under the patronage of the Marist Fathers who do missionary work among the French abroad and in the French colonies. The church, one of the most charming in the city, is built on the lines of the Romanesque churches of southern France. Within are the shrines dear to the heart of the Frenchman, shrines to Joan of Arc and the Little Flower, and in memory of those young men of the parish who fought in the World War for both France and the United States. On Armistice Day a military Mass is given with the veterans of both armies present in uniform.

There are groups which meet regularly for social and benevolent reasons, the most important of which are the French Benevolent Society which maintains the French Hospital at Geary Street and Sixth Avenue, the French War Veterans, the French Athletic Society and La Gauloise. But the best known society to the public at large is the Alliance Francaise. This is a branch of a world-wide organization whose object is the preservation and dissemination of French culture. The Alliance has its home in the fourth floor of the Native Sons Building, 414 Mason Street, where they maintain a library of over 20,000 volumes,

one of the largest and most complete collections of French books and manuscripts outside France. The Alliance works toward better relations between the French and Americans, for the preservation of the French language and customs among the American-born French and to spread knowledge and appreciation of French art, music, literature and history among the inhabitants of North America. All these societies cooperate on the celebration of the Fourteenth of July, Bastille Day. A literary and musical programme is given at Scottish Rite Auditorium in the afternoon, followed by a grand ball in the evening.

Before we leave our "Little Paris" we should look in at the book stores. One is on Sutter Street, and the other at 1111 Polk Street. Both shops have a large and well stocked library of French books. The latter shop is patronized by the French workingman and the proprietor keeps always on hand a selection of books and pamphlets on the French Popular Front and many of the French radical papers. Neither must we fail to visit the Palace of the Legion of Honor in Lincoln Park, which is copied exactly from the building of the same name in Paris, even to the replica of Rodin's "The Thinker" in the courtyard.

THE Basques

ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, the Devil came to the Earth and went among all peoples begging them to follow him. As the Devil had such fine manners and spoke all the tongues of the peoples of the Earth, they followed him. But as he came among the people known as Euzkaldun he found that no one listened to his voice, for he knew not the tongue of these people and they understood him not. And he remained among them through many harvests and even yet he could not learn one word of the tongue of the Euzkaldun. So he returned to the nether regions in great anger and God rejoiced and for a reward decreed that the Euzkaldun were to be forever a free people.

This folk tale explains partly why the Basques have been the enigma of all ages, for the Euzkaldun of the story are the people we know as Basques. Their language is so exceedingly difficult that few foreigners have ever mastered it. Unlike any other people on this globe their language has no roots in any recognized tongue, ancient or modern. The people themselves are a mys-

tery. No one knows who they are or where they came from. Even the Basques themselves do not know, or if they do they will not tell. Anthropologists have many theories as to the origin of this race but none substantiated by fact. Some maintain that they are survivors of the lost continent of Atlantis; still others claim that they are a remnant, perhaps the only existing fragment, of the pre-Aryan race of Europe. Anyway, the Basques are silent about their past, mystical about their race, and jealously guard their language and customs.

Their ancestral home is in the valleys of the Pyrenees and along the shores of the Bay of Biscay, partly in France and partly in Spain. Here in San Francisco they live partly in the French quarter and partly in the Spanish. Their main street is Broadway, which is the border between the French and Spanish sections, as though it were the Pyrenees; and here the Basque hotels are strung along the way. These hotels are headquarters for the country people who come to town once or twice a year to visit

The Basques

friends and have a gay time. Each has its tiny bar where of an evening groups gather to converse in the strange Basque tongue over their sherry or Euzkaldi'ko Ardua, the national wine. Some of these hotels have restaurants: the Español and the Española both on Broadway between Stockton and Powell Streets; and the Jai-Alai, at Pacific and Powell Streets, where good peasant food, a blend of French and Spanish, is served around six o'clock. We recommend all these restaurants for delicious food and plenty of it. The clams boiled with rice and saffron make a dish fit for a king. You might surprise the waiter by asking for Ollasko, or Macallua Biskai'ko Erera, which are merely the native names for the national dishes: chicken, and codfish Biscay style.

At the Jai-Alai there are interesting murals of scenes in the Basque country. Over the bar is a reproduction of Guernica, the proprietor's native town. On the opposite wall is a painting of the famous "Tree of Guernica." This is not just an ordinary tree: it is a symbol of Basque nationalism. Frequently Basques come to Guernica from all over the world to gather beneath its spreading branches and renew their oath to maintain liberty and justice. This tree is to the Basques what the "Stars and Stripes" are to an American, the shamrock to the Irish or the tomb of Lenin to the Russians.

In the inner room are the murals of the national game, jai-alai,

from which the restaurant is named. Jai-alai means "always gay," an appropriate name for a restaurant as well as a game. Jai-alai is a fast, intricate ball game, incredibly old. Each player has a basket fitted over his hand with which he catches the ball and throws it back to the opposing team. It is played on a special court which is expensive to build and there are few real courts outside the Basque country. One must go to larger settlements, such as Stockton, to see the real game. It has the same popularity among the Basques as baseball among Americans. The great jai-alai players are national heroes, receiving as much public adulation as a movie star. The game is strenuous and only Basques can play it with real skill. To watch a game is to marvel at the power, the energy of those people. They dart about the court with tremendous speed. They rush forward, catch the ball in their baskets and hurl it back with brutal force, and instantly are back in their places ready to spring again, like a steel piston. The game is expressive of the stubbornness, the resilience of the people.

For untold thousands of years they have lived in their mountain fastness resisting all change, untouched by invasion. Whenever their ideals of righteousness and liberty have been threatened they have fought, just as they play, with ferocity and passion. They are a silent and suspicious race, preferring to be left alone to carry on the archaic traditions that have their roots in





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the Stone Age. Two men who typify the Basques' qualities of stubborn and resourceful fighting are St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the militant Jesuit Order, and Marshal Foch, who perhaps did more than any other one man to win the World War.

Ninety per cent of the Basques in the United States are sheep men: ranchers, shepherds, wool workers; and except for the New York colony they have settled in the Far West. The sheep country of California, Nevada, Oregon, Montana and Idaho is dotted with Basque ranches. The trading centers in these districts have large colonies: Boise, Idaho; Yakima, Washington; Reno, Nevada; Fresno, Stockton and Bakersfield, California. McDermitt, Nevada is an entirely Basque town and it is said that even the neighboring Indians speak Basque. These people are largely from Spain. The French Basques have settled in San Francisco, where they are merchants, innkeepers, laundry workers and stockmen. There are families in North Beach, on Russian Hill and in South San Francisco. They are devout Roman Catholics and are faithful attendants at the Spanish and French

churches. For lack of a jai-alai court here the men play handball; they gather on Saturdays and Sundays at a handball court on Pacific Street. There is also a group which plays soccer and is a member of the Soccer League.

The Centro Vasco is the leading Basque society. It is very large, as its members come not alone from Spain but from South America and Mexico; though they are all of Basque blood. A smaller club of both Spanish and French Basques is Euzkaldunak Denak Bat. When these clubs give a dance or picnic then you will have a chance to see Basque dancing. Like everything Basque it is vigorous and dexterous. The national dance, *aurezcu*, contains some astonishing leaps which the men perform with all the skill of a Cossack. They also dance versions of the fandango and *makildanza*, or stick dance. Volumes could be written about these people but it is sufficient now to tell you to go to visit them yourself and talk with them about their country. Read the novels and short stories of the Basque Country by Eleanor Mercein and Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and study the lives of their great men.

Spain

THE HISTORY of San Francisco begins with the Spaniards. They first saw it, first settled it, and danced at its christening. It was known as a fabulous land and today some twenty-five hundred Spaniards still feel that way about it.

The Spaniards for many years were concentrated on the top of Telegraph Hill. For many years they lived there but little was heard from them. Whether it is the dignity of the Arab blood that flows in the Spaniard or not, they are difficult to know. As the Arab withdraws within his burnous, so the Spaniard withdraws within his cloak. This is in contrast to their neighbors, the Italians. The Italian likes to live in a showcase; the Spaniard behind curtains. The Spaniard is reserved and reticent and prefers to take his pleasures in his own home in the bosom of his family.

In recent years there has been a movement away from Telegraph Hill to other parts of the city. The erection of slick modern apartments has affected the whole section at the crest of the

Hill and on the east slope and the resultant high rents have driven the Spaniard to seek cheaper places to live. Colonies have recently grown up in the Mission district and in Bay View. There are large colonies also outside the city. Mountain View, Redwood City and Sunnyvale have hundreds of families of Andalusians, and in San Leandro there is a colony of Asturians and Gallegos. The Centro Español on Hayes Street in San Leandro is their social and educational center. When there is a gala evening it is well worth the trip out there to see the dancing. The dances from the north of Spain are distinct and utterly different from anything we think of as Spanish. The intricate and bewildering stick dance of the Gallegos and Basques is a sight not to be missed by anyone interested in the ethnological dance. This ancient dance is performed by a group of boys and young men and is accompanied by the pipe and tabor, antique instruments of the early Aryan peoples of Europe. These instruments were once much more common and were the ordinary folk instru-

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ments of the Middle Ages. Only in remote mountain valleys are they still played—in the Balkans and the Pyrenees. The Gallegos are of Celtic ancestry and speak a dialect akin to Portuguese.

On a warm evening if you walk through the streets of the Spanish barrios you might hear the strumming of a guitar or a high, nasal voice with a gypsy twang. But if you are fortunate enough to hear José Romero you will understand why the Spaniards love the guitar. They call him "El Rey de Flamenco," the king of flamenco music. He comes from Cadiz, in Andalusia, the fountain of "deep song." When he plays his guitar you suddenly see the dark-eyed gypsy girls, with a carnation or red rose in their hair, swirling with fantastic speed and grace through the steps of the farruca, the paso-doble, the seguidilla. You hear the rhythmic click of the castanets and high-heeled slippers, the throbbing of the drum. All you've ever heard or imagined of romantic Spain will come to life when you hear this flamenco music. It is as much Moorish as Spanish with its wild, plaintive shouts, its mixture of melancholy and incredible gaiety.

If you cannot hear José Romero himself, you can get his records and countless other records imported from Spain at "La Moderna Poesia" next to the Verdi Theatre on Broadway. Go into the store and ask them to play a malagueña, a soleares for you. You will enjoy the windows of this store. In one they have the newest Spanish books as well as the classics of several na-

tions in their Spanish translations. In another, there are bright posters, brilliantly tinselled greeting cards, tambourines, castanets, even strange-looking gypsy fortune-telling cards.

The stores of the neighborhood have unusual wares to sell. The dried codfish looks like thin, crinkly leather. On the counters are mounds of red peppers, of garbanzas, jars of anise seed and all manner of fragrant herbs and spices. There are great piles of olive oil in tins. Seventy per cent of the olive oil of the world comes from Spain and the shops do a rushing business in it. In the windows are tins of baby eels, gaily painted sardine cans, great heaps of Castille soap.

The so-called Spanish restaurants here are really Basque or Mexican. There are, however, several Spanish pensions where one can enjoy home cooking en famille. Ask a friend for an introduction and you will be received royally. Codfish and garbanzas are the national dishes of the Spanish people. Garbanzas are chick peas and take the place of beans. The Spaniards never tire of garbanzas and have innumerable ways of preparing them. There are a few bars, gathering places for men from the same province in Spain. The Alhambra on Union Street, is Andalusian, El Corregidor on Pacific Street is the rendezvous of Gallegos and the Barcelona on Stockton Street is where the Catalans gather.

Everyone knows Mission Dolores. Its real name, infrequent-

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ly used is Mission San Francisco de Asis. It was founded on October 9, 1776 and still remains in its simple and serene beauty as a gracious reminder of our Spanish heritage. But few San Franciscans know Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, one of the most beautiful churches in the city. It is on the east slope of Russian Hill—on Broadway just as it rises steeply up from Mason Street. It is in the baroque style, proportioned with exquisite dignity and elegance. When the sun shines on its mellowed white stone facade, you can imagine yourself in any old world city. Monseigneur Santandreu is the guiding spirit of this Spanish church. Over fifty years ago he was ordained in Barcelona for the San Francisco diocese and he has ministered to the spiritual needs of all Spanish speaking peoples ever since 1876. He has followed the fortunes of the city, seen his beloved church destroyed by fire, seen it rise again in all its present beauty. But no more does he see. Stricken blind a few years ago, he has obtained a special dispensation from the Pope to celebrate Mass. For his many years of devoted service, he has been decorated by the King of Spain, the last man to be so honored before Alfonso left his throne.

One time in the year when one can see the true Spaniard is at their celebration honoring the discoverer of America, Christopher Columbus, or as they call him Cristóbal Colón. The whole colony comes to watch the singers and dancers of their race and

encourage them with shouts of "olé, olé, niña;" and tremendous applause. Northern Spaniards dance their jota and Andalusians sing and dance the thrilling flamenco, and the "cante Jondo," or deep song. This is the most popular of the foreign folk festivals in San Francisco and brings out all the vividness and emotion of Spanish life.

At 831 Broadway is the Centro Español where the leading organizations maintain club rooms, among them the Union Española de California, the Sociedad Española de Beneficencia Mutua, the Cooperative Española and the Centro Andaluz. The colony maintains an educational center where the English language and American laws are taught to the older immigrants. The culture of old Spain—the history of the great days of the Spanish Empire, its adventurers, its colonial expansion, the story of the motherland, the struggles of the people for social freedom, the legend of the Cid and the tales of all the famous Spanish authors, and the classic dances are instilled into the hearts and minds of the young Spaniard so that no one with Spanish blood in his veins will ever forget the contributions of Spain to the world and particularly California.

Before we leave Spain in San Francisco we should not omit a visit to the monuments to the two great Spaniards in Golden Gate Park; Padre Junipero Serra, builder of the Missions and Cervantes, author of Don Quixote.





Portugal

IT WAS in September, 1542, that the first white man laid eyes on the shining, fabulous land known now as California. In the service of the Governor-General of Guatemala, he claimed all this territory for the King of Spain, yet he was not a Spaniard but a Portuguese. His name—Joao Rodrigues Cabrilho.

For this reason the Portuguese feel that California belongs to them. About a hundred years ago, when Portuguese ships were everywhere on the seven seas, they were accustomed to put into San Francisco Bay for supplies. Some sailors stayed behind and settled in the warm valleys to the south and east. Many old "Spanish-Californian" families are really Portuguese. Long before the gold rush there were Portuguese whalefishers and traders in Yerba Buena.

About sixty years ago began the great immigration from the Azores which continued up until the World War. It is these folk and their children that make up most of the hundred thousand Portuguese in the state. They are essentially a popu-

lation of farmers and fisherfolk, with orchards and dairy farms in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, and colonies of seafaring men in Half Moon Bay and Sausalito. Only in the cities of the East Bay is there any concentration of population. The East Bay has an estimated population of thirty thousand, found in three centers—West Oakland and Emeryville, East Oakland, and San Leandro. These city people are merchants and professional men, mechanics and factory workers.

In San Francisco there are only about a thousand Portuguese, old residents who live in widely separated parts of the city and transients who, for the most part gather near the waterfront. In seamen's hotels on Clay and Jackson Streets just off the Embarcadero, live many Portuguese sailors and fishermen. Nearby is the wholesale district to which many Portuguese truck farmers from Santa Clara county make daily trips, and in the early hours of the morn can be found breakfasting at the New Lisbon Cafe. Portuguese are a mobile, adventurous people and there are fre-

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quent trips to the "old country," and even a continual coming and going between the Portuguese colonies in America—California, Hawaii and the New England States. Sooner or later they all find their way to this neighborhood. On Jackson Street are travel agencies with posters of Portugal and Madeira in the windows. At Front and Clay Streets are the Portuguese Bank and the Consulate. The visitors lounge about the streets and gather in the taverns. The New Lisbon Cafe on Jackson Street and the Portuguese Hotel on Clay Street serve national dishes and in the early morning are cozy and cheerful. Codfish is the favorite dish of the Portuguese and they have hundreds of different recipes for this dish which they call bacalao.

The San Francisco Portuguese gather every year in October to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of California by Cabrilho, but this celebration is not distinctly a Portuguese one, as the city has officially approved it and the speeches are in English and the presiding officers are members of the city government.

A veritable bit of the mother land is the House of Portugal at 334 Market Street. The products for which Portugal is famous are on sale here; tawny Port wine, richly colored tiles and faience ware, objects of cork and tins of olive oil. There are drawers full of delicate Madeira lace, light as cobwebs. National costumes from many provinces are on display, and filigree

jewelry, marvels of craftsmanship, all hand made into shapes of birds, butterflies, flowers, earrings exquisitely shaped, ropes of beaten gold and crosses set with tiny stones. It seems incredible that such infinitely intricate things could ever be fashioned by the hand of man.

Wherever Portuguese go, whether to North America, Brazil, Macao or the Hawaiian Islands, they bring with them their church, their customs and their music. In Portugal one of the most colorful features of native life is the "romerias," pilgrimages to the shrine of a saint or an historical cathedral. These pilgrimages are partly a religious celebration, partly a gathering of old friends and mostly a county fair. In California these pilgrimages are held all through the summer beginning with the most important of all, the festival of the Holy Ghost, Espiritu Santo, seven weeks after Easter. This is the climax of the year for Portuguese, especially to those from the Azores. The Azores people have formed here the Holy Ghost Societies. No Portuguese community is without one of these lodges whose chief function is to foster the proper observance of the festival. They also serve as social and benevolent clubs and the countryside of Northern California is dotted with their club houses, plain white buildings with the letters I. D. E. S. painted boldly on their facades. These letters are the initials of the organization's title—Irmadade do Espiritu Santo, Brotherhood of the Holy

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Ghost. Each one of these centers has a designated day upon which to observe their patron's feast. On the appointed day the Holy Spirit's statue is carried in procession to the nearest church, and after Mass it is crowned and returned to the club house where the Santo is ensconced upon an elaborately decorated altar to receive the homage of His grateful subjects. Members come from all over the countryside and spend the day in prayer, feasting, playing games, dancing the *chamarrita* and greeting friends last seen a year ago. A table is set out in the courtyard of the church or before the club house and food is served free to all who come—the chief dish being the luscious *sopa sarda*. Tent shows and carnivals arrange their schedules so as to be in town on the day of the celebration and the whole valley makes merry with the Portuguese. Starting with Oakland, each town on the East Bay follows, so that all through the summer months there is a festival every week-end. This circle of prayer and fun is completed in the fall with the feasts in honor of St. Anthony in Santa Clara and San Jose. At all of these affairs the old folks will step through the *chamarrita* and the *vira*. The former, the typical dance of the Azores is a group dance in which the whole company goes circling around and around and weaving in and out changing partners frequently. The latter, the native dance of the northernmost Portuguese province, Minho, is a gay rhythmic dance with quick, flashy steps and snapping of fingers.

Dance music is composed for string orchestra of guitars, *guitarrita* and *cavaquinho*. There will be, no doubt, some costumes, brilliantly striped and embroidered. Those from Minho province are among the most brilliant in all Europe and in style and fabric reveal the Moorish heritage of great sections of the Portuguese people. In fact, with their full skirts, long-fringed shawls and intricate designs they resemble very much the costumes of the Balkans.

There are a multitude of societies among the Portuguese. Eight large groups have hundreds of branches all over the state. The largest is the *Uniao Portuguesa Estado California*, the oldest, *Associacao Portuguesa Prosectora y Beneficente*, founded in 1868. The women have their own organization, the *Rainha Santa Isabel Society*, the Azores people have dozens of Holy Ghost Societies, the *Associacao Portuguesa Uniao Madeirense* is composed of former residents of the island of Madeira and the *Sociedade Lusitana de Hawaii* was formed to bring together the Hawaiian-Portuguese of which there are many in the East Bay.

There are eight Portuguese parishes in California, two of them in the East Bay. The oldest, St. Joseph's at Seventh and Chestnut Streets in Oakland is the national church for all Portuguese-speaking people in the Bay region. There are too, many parishes in Oakland, San Leandro and Hayward that have a

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majority of Portuguese-speaking people within the parish limits. The congregation at Centerville is led by Monsignor de Sousa who is the ranking Portuguese prelate in the West.

Portuguese rites and customs are in many instances the most interesting of any in Western Europe. The tenacity and conservatism of the country folk in preserving these customs have given us a chance to observe here in San Francisco rituals and

folkways which have changed little since the early Christian days. For information as to these festivals and gala evenings we suggest you contact the editors of the Portuguese newspapers in Oakland, *Liberdade* and *Uniao Portuguesa*. The latter, founded in 1886, is the oldest Portuguese language paper in North America.

SOUTH America

OF THE ELEVEN South American countries we need only consider five—the countries of the West Coast. There are a few—a very few residents from Argentina and Brazil, but the approximately three thousand South Americans here are from Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile. Half of these are from Peru, the other countries having only a few hundred representatives each. All the Latin American countries however, have consulates.

There are no distinct colonies of South Americans. They settle in the neighborhoods where they can find the Spanish language spoken in shops and restaurants operated for the Spaniard and the Mexican. Thus we find them living in North Beach, in the Mission and about Fillmore Street.

The great majority of the South Americans here are from the middle classes and are mestizos, that is half Spanish and Indian. There are some representatives of the upper classes, mostly pure Spanish and a few more from the laboring classes, pure Indian. Many of our Peruvian neighbors are of Inca blood, a race of peo-

ple whose culture was at its height in the days before the Spaniards came.

The Sociedad Peruana de Auxilios Mutuos, or the Peruvian Benevolent Society, is the organization to which most of the South Americans belong. It is one of the oldest Spanish language societies in the city and although founded by Peruvians for the benefit of their more unfortunate brethren all Latin Americans are welcome as members. The society holds a fiesta on the anniversary of the Independence of Peru on July 28. The other South American natives join their Peruvian brothers in making this fiesta a veritable exhibition of the native music and dances of the countries to the south of us. After the usual speeches and singing of all the national anthems, they will unroll before your eyes a riot of exotic colors, and successive bursts of music will reveal rhythms such as you never heard before and that will keep you on the edge of your seat. One by one the dances follow in rapid succession—the bambuco of Colombia, graceful and

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elegant; the cueca of Chile, vigorous and passionate; the huainito, exotic and mysterious, the ancient Inca dance of the Sun; the tamborito of Panama, the loveliest of all, and the pericon and tango of Argentina.

If you would see the tango as it is danced in the halls of Buenos Aires or Valparaiso, go to one of the "Noche de Encanto" at the Palace Hotel or to La Fiesta, at Bay Street and Columbus Ave. This latter place has a marimba band and plays tangos with an authenticity that brings tears to the eyes of the homesick "porteño" from Buenos Aires. There will be couples on the floor dancing the tango as it should be danced, not extravagantly but with dignity and a trace of melancholy that seems to run all through the real tango music. The tango is a ball room dance and is danced only in the cities. The native folk dance is the ranchera, the dance of the gauchos, and maybe on a gala night there will be enough couples present to get together a set. It is really just an energetic square dance.

The food at La Fiesta is largely Mexican, but you can eat bifeck a caballo. Although it is not on the menu, Argentineans who order food generally ask for that dish. It is steak topped with two fried eggs, the steak very rare, the way it is cooked in all cattle countries. Some other dishes native to South America are chorizos, or small sausages, and puchero which is very much like an old-fashioned New England boiled dinner. If you

would like to go really native we suggest you try some yerba maté. This is the national drink of half of South America and is an institution as deeply rooted in the social life as the Britishers' tea. Maté is the leaves of the herb, maté, and is always drunk from a small gourd, called a maté or a bomba, usually intricately hand-carved. Boiling water is added to the leaves and this concoction is drunk through a metal tube with a strainer attached, which excludes the leaves. This is called a bombilla and is sometimes made from silver and many are worth a good price. The drink is very refreshing and is supposed to have marvelous curative properties.

We suppose that these bombas and bombillas interest you. You would like to own one, Yes? Then come with us to the Dextre Shop at Mason and Pacific Streets and you will find a collection of them. You can buy here, too, the maté compressed into hard bricks. The shop will fascinate you, filled as it is with the products of all the South American countries.

Each country has sent its most typical products and the finest examples of its folk and fine arts. It is a veritable curiosity shop. Peru, for example, has sent ponchos, heavy blankets made from the wool of the llama and the vicuña, that peculiar animal that never lives in captivity; hand wrought silver bracelets and earrings fashioned by the Incas in patterns that were first made far in the past, on the very threshold of history.



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There is so much to see in the shop that we cannot take it all in at one visit, but we will take time to notice the minute dishes and figurines made from the tagua nut which grows in great groves in Ecuador, and from the same country wooden dolls in national costume, some with native instruments such as the drum, flute or harp; and alpargatos, hand made sandals of leather strips. There are bright colored hand-woven woolen and cotton materials from Ecuador and Bolivia, various articles made from horn from Chile; toys and small figures of crude rubber from Colombia; brilliant trays and compacts adorned with butterfly wings from Brazil; panama hats which really come from Ecuador. These are made from "Panama Grass" by the

natives. A "Montecristo" Panama hat is quite an expensive one, but is soft and fine of weave and lasts for years. Señor Dextre is a Peruvian and will explain graciously the various articles and their stories. He will show his joy and pride, the case filled with national costumes. There are magnificent gaucho costumes worth a small fortune; the bizarre ponchos worn by Peruvians and Bolivians and the queer up-side-down hats which Inca women wear.

At the Spanish music store on Broadway near the Verdi Theatre you will find a good collection of recordings of Latin American music and the latest books and periodicals from South America.

CENTRAL America

THE FIVE COUNTRIES of Central America are considered in one voyage as they are not very different from one another and their nationals settle together among the other Spanish-speaking peoples. The countries are so much alike and have such interests in common, that a movement has been on foot for several years to unite them. They all speak Spanish and are largely of Indian blood with Spanish and German mixtures. In Guatemala and Honduras are the Maya Indians who had developed a magnificent civilization about two thousand years ago and whose great period was between 450 and 600 A. D.

There is, however, a good deal of nationalistic feeling and there are distinguishing traits and dialects which are unnoticed by outsiders but are obvious to the natives of the various countries. They are really like one big family; they love and respect one another but quarrel over minor differences. As for example, coffee. The Guatemaltecos say that the world's best coffee is grown in their country. This is hotly disputed by the Salvadoreños, who claim that only in their little country can one get

coffee that really is coffee. They will argue by the hour over this moot question but no decision has as yet been awarded. We have tasted both and still we cannot give an opinion. All these people are known among one another by nicknames. For example: Guatemaltecos are called "chapines," Nicaraguenses, "nicas," Salvadoreños, "guenacos" and Costaricans, "ticas."

There are about thirty-five hundred natives of Central America in the city. They are our most recent immigrants and they are still coming. The majority of them—the workers—live in the Fillmore district. The business men who are here more or less permanently have fine homes in the Richmond district and St. Francis Wood, and the plantation owners, or people living on income who are here only part of the year, live in Pacific Heights apartments or downtown hotels. The Richelieu and the Plaza are very popular with Latin Americans.

At the two Spanish bookstores on Broadway one can buy the latest books and newspapers from Central America including the works of the great poet from Nicaragua, Rubén Darío,



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whose lines have been recognized as among the greatest contributions to modern Spanish poetry. There are two restaurants patronized by the folks from south of Mexico; La Tapatia on O'Farrell Street near Fillmore and La Conga on Pacific Street.

The independence of the Central American Republics from Spain was achieved on September 15, 1816. On the anniversary of this day the whole colony is en fete and the bars and shops along Broadway and Fillmore Street are crowded and noisy. The consular corps of all the Central Americas are the hosts at a brilliant ball at the Palace Hotel.

In December, the Guatemaltecos have their own typical celebrations—the Novenas in honor of the Infant Jesus. A nacimiento, a replica of the Manger, is erected in one corner of the principal room and is decorated with manzanilla blossoms. These flowers are small and yellow and have an odor similar to orange blossoms. Some families grow them in their back yards, but there is always a shipment from Guatemala before Christmas.

The Novenas are held around the nacimientos. Friends and neighbors meet nightly from the fifteenth to Christmas Eve to recite the Rosary and sing special hymns. The prayers are accompanied by a drum and a shrill water whistle. After the prayers there is feasting and music. Drinks are passed and special dishes served; tamales wrapped in banana leaves and delicious chocolate. There is always a musician of some kind, a guitarist,

a violinist or perhaps, a marimba player, to entertain guests.

The marimba is the national instrument. In the native state they are crude affairs of sticks of wood arranged like a xylophone with gourds tied underneath for sounding boxes. At one end is a round wax-bordered hole covered with a special grade of pigskin. This gives the instrument that peculiar buzzing sound that always accompanies the true marimba music. Those in the cities are marvels of fine cabinet work. The music produced from this instrument is melodious, at times thundering with a roar and at other times soft and eerie, almost a whisper. From four to nine men can play the instrument and it is claimed that marimba players are born, not made.

These ceremonies are given the greatest display and charm at the home of Doña Fidelia Morales on Cortland Ave., who is almost a fanatic in requiring authenticity in customs and cuisine. Her home is truly a bit of Guatemala, containing serapes and Indian blankets, bags of sisal, bright colored "huipiles" that the women wear over their shoulders. She will show you authentic Indian costumes, such as were worn by the Mayas a thousand years ago; show them to you gladly, proud as she is of the mysterious Mayas, her ancestors. You may hear native music on the phonograph and she may show you how to do the son, the national dance. From her, too, you can buy the famous Guatemala coffee.

Mexico

WHEN THE Franciscan padres founded the Mission Dolores and the soldiers of the Spanish Colonial Army established the Presidio, they laid the foundation of a tradition—a tradition of good living, of spacious ease, of steady church-going habits and of frequent fiestas, of tolerance and hospitality that have come down to us to this day. These are all Latin traditions and these we share with all other Latin cities. The Mexican, always present in our social and economic life from the very first days to the present time, has been the medium through which these traditions have been nourished. Due to their enthusiasm and their very real devotion to the amenities of life as lived below the Rio Grande, the Mexicans have kept the city from losing its unique flavor and have been the bulwark against the blight of standardization.

There are now about twenty thousand Mexicans in the city. There have been at times more than this, indeed, ten years ago there were probably nearly forty thousand. Hard times in the

States and the repatriation laws of Mexico induced many to return. Then there are several thousand more people of Spanish speech and Spanish-Indian heritage who are American born, descendants of the original inhabitants of California, Texas and New Mexico. These people are real Americans, but in their habits and manners they are definitely in the Mexican tradition.

North Beach has been since the early days the Mexican quarter. Recent immigrants have settled in other parts of the city; notably, Hayes Valley, along Fillmore Street, along Folsom and Howard Streets from Tenth to Sixteenth Streets, in the vicinity of Treat Avenue and Twenty-second Street and in Butchertown—but North Beach still remains the center of the Mexican population. Along Broadway and Powell Streets are the little shops and the cantinas, always gay and noisy.

One can spend a whole day strolling along these streets, shopping in the little stores with their counters piled high with goods made in Mexico. The revival of the folk arts in Mexico

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has resulted in a stream of hand-made products which delight the American public. These tiny shops with such romantic names as La Morena (the brown girl), La Esperanza (hope), Quo Vadis? and the Rio Grande are filled to bursting with flashy red and yellow serapes, blue glassware from Guadalajara, water jars and unglazed pottery from Jalisco, lacquered boxes from Guerrero, brilliantly decorated trays, embroidered blouses, straw baskets and animals, woven leather sandals or huaraches, and myriads of tiny, almost infinitesimal objects of glass and hand-carved wood. And the cafes with such names as Sinaloa and the Xochimilco, names that roll sonorously off the tongue, where you may lunch on such popular dishes as chile con carne, tamales, tortillas and frijoles. Tortillas are made from the kernels of corn and boiled with lime until soft. This mixture is ground into a very fine paste with a stone pestle known as the metate. The paste is then slapped into place by hand, very round and very thin. This slap-slapping will accompany you all during your voyage through the Mexican quarter. This pancake-like affair is the Mexicans' bread and with black beans, or frijoles is the standard diet of the poorer Mexicans. Frijoles are prepared in dozens of ways. You may have them boiled, or in a thick soup, or con queso, with cheese, or refritos, mashed and fried in oil. Real tamales are a mixture of corn, beans and a bit of meat wrapped in many layers of corn husks,

tied together and boiled. Then to top off your day you might attend the Verdi Theatre on Broadway and watch a motion picture from Mexico and then go on to one of the cantinas for a shot of tequila and some peppy dancing.

The majority of San Francisco Mexicans come from the territory on the west coast of Mexico—from the states of Sinaloa, Nayarit, Michoacan, Jalisco and from the capital, Mexico City. Then too, there are a number from the isthmus of Tehuantepec, famed for its beautiful women. There has been a small but steady immigration from Mexico from the very early days and there is still a constant coming and going from here to the old homes. Every revolutionary upheaval south of the border has thrown into this country the leaders of the losing side and many came to San Francisco to be regarded here with not a little awe. Visitors to the Mexican cafes in North Beach would be accustomed to seeing distinguished and mysterious gentlemen murmuring over their chocolate or wine, then suddenly one night they would be gone, never to be seen again. A few days later we would read of a revolution in Mexico. But always some few refugees remain in the city. A few years ago when Catholics were being discriminated against many devout families came here to settle, as well as a great many priests. Two groups of Carmelite nuns, driven from their convent, have been given refuge in the city. Now, many families of the hacendados,

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or large land owners have arrived here bereft of their estates and property. And with all these there is the Mexican laborer, for so many years the backbone of California agriculture and industry. The Mexican has built our roads, our railways, planted our grain and picked our fruit, and he has always worked tirelessly and complacently. Recent expansion in the ranks of labor and the trade union movement in his native country have swept the Mexican worker into the labor unions and the mass of the agricultural workers', the cannery and textile workers' unions are Mexican. One union, the ships' scalers', is completely Mexican.

In agrarian Mexico life is simple and bucolic. As a result Mexicans are naive and unaffected. To say that a Mexican is lazy is to say that one does not understand them. They have power and superb concentration. They work hard, play hard and enjoy life to its fullest. Their innocent relish in the most simple and ordinary thing is a joy to behold. The average Mexican believes flowers more important than an automobile, and to own a guitar is better than to own an electric ice-box. They are thriftless, care-free and only three phases of life touch them—work, church, fiesta.

To the Spanish church at Broadway and Mason Streets the Mexicans come to worship before the shrine of their patroness, Our Lady of Guadalupe. Her feast day on the twelfth of December

is a great celebration in Mexico and among the Mexicans in California. On that day, or on the nearest Sunday the church is embellished with flowers and draperies, a special choir sings, the little girls are in white veils and the confraternities display their banners and scapulars.

There is a continuous round of fiestas. A Mexican considers a Saturday night wasted unless he has attended a party at a friend's house, a dance at the club or has paid a visit to his favorite cantina. The grand fiestas are those in commemoration of events in Mexican history. Cinco de Mayo honors the victory of the Mexican troops over the army of Napoleon the Third on the fifth of May, 1862. The fifteenth and sixteenth of September are the Independence Days, the anniversary of the day when Father Hidalgo cried, "Long live Our Mother of Guadalupe and death to bad government," which aroused the Mexican people to action and precipitated the revolution which freed the country from Spain. At these fiestas the native songs and dances are performed to highly appreciative audiences. Visitors are drawn by the fascination of the charming, provocative songs, by the mariachis, and by the folk dances; the staid, dignified sandunga and the audacious, tantalizing chiapanecas. The national dance is the jarabe tapatio. One of many versions of the jarabe, the tapatio version was selected by Maximilian to be danced at his court. As a court dance, additions were made by



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the court ballet masters and musicians, influenced by the Austrian court and the mania for polkas and mazurkas. The original simple folk dance has now developed into an elaborate and showy dance which never fails to excite the audience to the point of hysteria. Another dance introduced by Maximilian and his court is the Varsoviana. Originally a Polish folk dance it was taken up by the Polish and Austrian royal families and thus spread over Europe. A stately dance, it was extremely popular among the Spanish-speaking settlers in the southwestern United States and is now a part of the folk lore of America.

In December are the posadas, the Mexican version of the old mystery plays brought from Spain by the missionaries. Nine nights before Christmas friends and relatives descend upon a designated house. Admission is asked in the name of the Holy Pair who can find "no room at the Inn." After much ques-

tioning it is explained that shelter is sought for the Virgin Mary and the door is thrown open. All are received with great rejoicing and then music and dancing follows. This is repeated every night until Christmas at a different house. There are other fiestas during the year by the various clubs, the most colorful by the larger groups; the Sociedad Mutualista Chapultepec, the Club Azteca de Señores, the Sociedad Mutualista Morelos of South San Francisco, the Club Recreativo Cuauhtemoc and the Mexican Athletic Club.

With our visit to Mexico in San Francisco, our tour of the world ends. Within the limits of this city we have gone around the world seeking out men from far lands, listening to plaintive tunes, enjoying exotic foods. We hope that this limited journey has given you a broader outlook, a fresh evaluation of San Francisco, a world in itself.

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